

1903



# The MORNING WATCH.

EDITED BY  
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.  
GREENOCK.

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EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.  
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The  
Morning Watch.  
1903.

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VOL. 16.

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January, 1903.

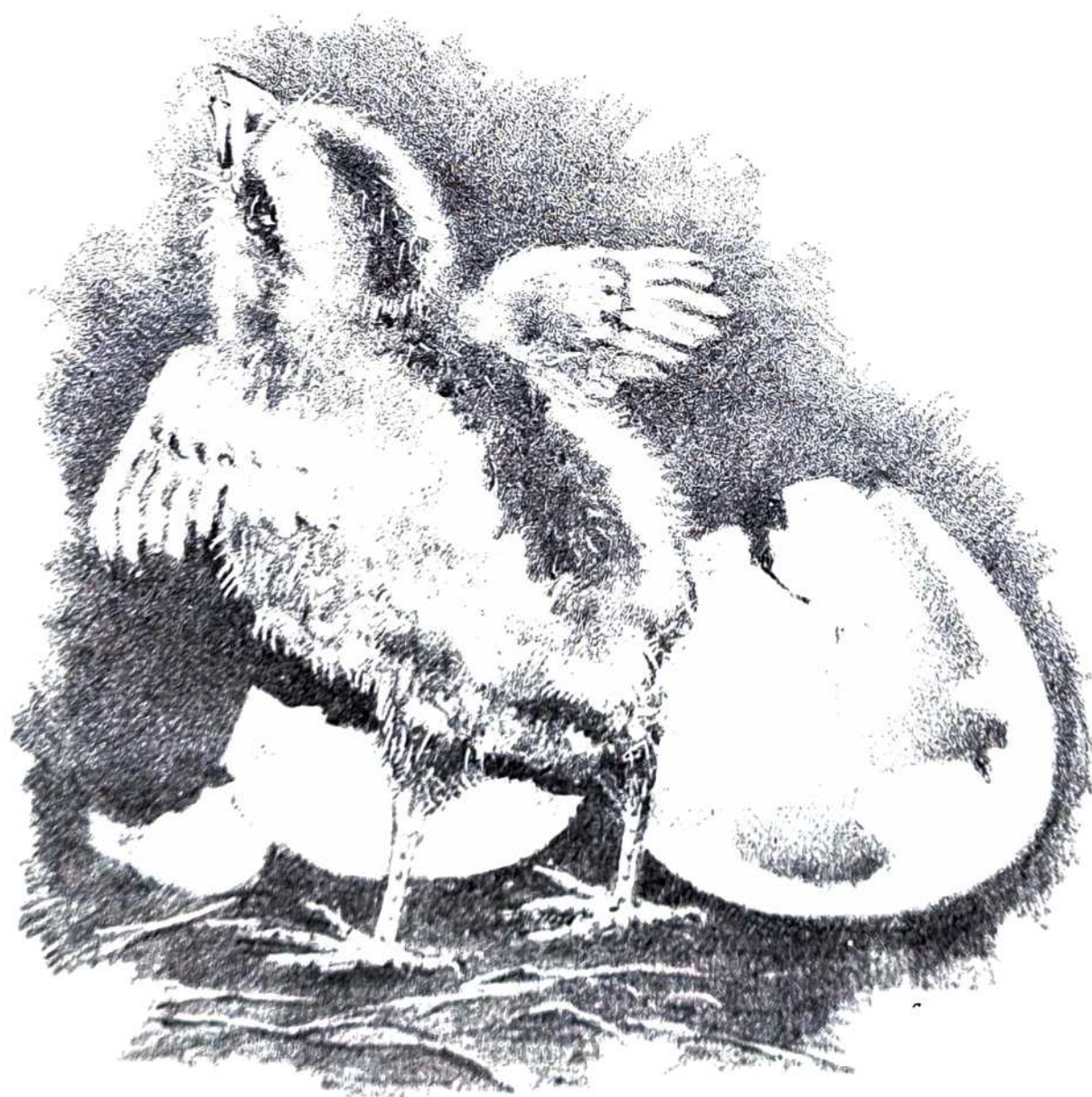
One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVI.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 1.



**Nineteen-Hundred-and-Three !**



"The Morning Watch" for 1902, Vol. XV., is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

Vol. XIV., for 1901, may still be had.

All the other Volumes are out of print.

*A certain King sent forth His servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding.—Matt. 22, 3.*

How many letters and presents and greetings do you expect this New Year week? Some of you will get a good many; some, one or two; some, none at all. I once saw a little boy get so many that he became tired unpacking them, and I heard him say to himself—"Oh I hope I shan't get any more!"

That was the way with the famous German statesman Bismarck when he celebrated his eightieth birthday in 1895. He got 400 telegrams, 1,200 parcels, and 450,000 letters—that is to say, so many that if he had done nothing but read them at the rate of four a minute for twelve hours every day, six days a week, they would have used up six months all but three hours. How would you like a letter-bag of that size?

And yet, strange though it may appear, New Year's Day will bring every one of you far more greetings than his birthday brought to Bismarck. The prayers of saints on your behalf, and more people pray for you than you know; the good

wishes of Angels; the promises in the Bible—yes, every word and every letter in the Bible—all these are voices from the Spirit and the bride, saying, Come. But besides all these, everything about you and around you by which God makes Himself known, is a gracious salutation from your Father in heaven. Every star, and every ray of light, every green leaf, every blade of grass, every drop of water, every flake of snow, every chirping bird, every bit of food you eat, everything you see or hear or touch; in one word, *everything*, big or little, that proves that you are still living in this world, is a gracious greeting from God, an assurance that He loves you, and that He honestly and heartily invites you to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

Do you know that when a King or Queen sends a telegram, etiquette demands that the person who gets it must answer it not only *soon*, but *instantly*! Everything else must be stopped and laid aside, for the King's business requireth haste. So, when God says, "Come to the Marriage"—and He is saying it *now*—you must answer Him this very moment; and surely the only answer you will think of sending the King of glory must be—"I come."

**What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.**

**A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCLES. 7, 1.**

(Continued from Vol. XV., page 136.)

What  
is thy  
name?  
Hester

LADY HESTER GRENVILLE was the wife of the great Earl of Chatham and the mother of the great William Pitt, a kind of "double first-class honours" that very few women have ever obtained. Sir



What  
is thy  
name?

Hester.

Robert Peel was once asked if he knew any similar instance in modern history. His answer, after careful thought, was this: "I can produce no other instance quite in point since the days of Olympias, the wife of Philip of Macedon, and the mother of Alexander the Great." Yet, if that is a somewhat sorrowful reflexion, let us bless God that we have all known many women who had *good* husbands and *good* sons and *good* daughters and *good* grandchildren too.

Lady Hester does not seem to have been exceptionally clever herself. But she was kind to the poor, often carrying food and clothing to them, the one condition she made being that they should attend church regularly. She had a great share, too, in the training of her son. It is on record that Lady Holland, the mother of Charles James Fox, who was afterwards Pitt's great rival, found fault with her husband one day for giving his children, and especially his son Charles, everything they wished. "I have been this morning," she said, "with Lady Hester Pitt, and there is little William Pitt, not six years old, and really the cleverest child I ever saw, and brought up so strictly, and so proper in his behaviour, that, mark my words, that little boy will be a thorn in Charles's side as long as he lives."

Pitt had a sister, LADY HESTER STANHOPE, who gave all her thought to the theatre and the dressing of her hair. She had a daughter, Hester Lucy (1776-1839), who attained a certain notoriety for her eccentricity. "I let Hester do as she pleases," her uncle said one day, "for if she were resolved to cheat Satan, she could do it."—"And so I could," she added. And that was true, though not in the sense in which she meant it. For Satan is cheated every day, and has been cheated continually, and never anything else but cheated, ever since he rebelled against God. But we may cheat Satan and cheat ourselves, and try to cheat God, too, all at the same time. And so it was with Lady Hester. When she was thirty-four she left England, and settled down amongst the wild tribes of Mount Lebanon. She built a kind of fortress and lived and dressed like a Mohammedan chief, believing herself, and believed by the Arab tribes, to be something of a prophetess. Her servants, of whom she had a great retinue, were not allowed to smile in her presence, or to appear to notice anything. They had no definite or fixed hours either for food or sleep. When they disobeyed her she struck them with a mace. They cheated her consequently right and left, but when she was advised to put them away, she would say, "Yes—but what about my rank?" She loved to harangue such visitors as she condescended to see, speaking for hours, ten, twelve, fourteen, at a stretch, without a halt, till sometimes they actually fainted in her presence through exhaustion. During her last illness there was no European near her, and when the British Consul and an American missionary—Dr. Thompson, who wrote *The Land and the Book*—came to see if they could help her, they found her dead, and her house deserted and stripped of everything that her servants could carry off. They had to bury her by torchlight with their own hands.

What  
is thy  
name?

Hester.

HESTER was the name of the wife of John Gaunt, once Captain of the slaver *Arethusa*. "I married her from Falmouth. She was comely as the roe. I see her still—her dove's eyes and her smile! I was older than she, and a hard and wicked man; but she loved me, my Hester!—and she took me as I was. O how I repaid her trust! Well, our child was born to us, and we named her *Arethusa*, after the brig I had built and sailed. And so far, that was happiness. But she yearned for my salvation; and it was there I thwarted her. My sins were a burden upon her spirit, a shame to her in this world, her terror in the world to come. She talked often of my leaving the devil's trade I sailed in. She would weep and pray for the poor heathen creatures that I bought and sold and shipped into misery, till my conscience grew hot within me. I've put on my hat, and gone out and made oath that my next cargo should be my last; but that oath was never kept. So I sailed again and again for the Guinea Coast, until the trip came that was to be my last indeed. Well, it fell out that we had good luck trading, and I stowed the brig with these poor heathens as full as she would hold. We had a fair run westward till we were past the line; but one night the wind rose and there came a hurricane, and for seven days we were tossed on the deep seas, and every hand on deck. For several days they were battened down: all that time we heard their cries, but worst at the beginning; and when at last, and near dead myself, I crept below—O! Some they were starved, some smothered, some dead of broken limbs; and the hold was like a lazaret-house. . . . It was two hundred and five that we threw overboard: two hundred and five souls that I had hurried to their doom. I had many die with me before, but not like that; and I stood dumb before the sight. For I saw I was their murderer, and my Hester knew it. That was her death-stroke: it felled her. She had long been dying slowly; but from the hour she heard that story, she faded before my face; and in two months from my landing—O Hester, Hester, would God I had died for thee! . . . The night she died, she lay there in her bed. She took my hand. 'I am going,' she said, 'to heaven. For Christ's sake, come after me, and bring my little maid. I'll be waiting and wearying till you come;' and she kissed my hand, the hand that had killed her. At that I called on her to stop. But no, she said, she must still tell me of my sins, and how the thought of them had bowed down her life. 'And O!' she said, 'if I couldn't prevail on you alive, let my death—'. . . Well, then, she died. Since then I've laid my course for Hester. I have made my election sure; my sins I have cast them out. Hester, Hester, I will come to you; and I'll bring your little maid."—*R. L. Stevenson's Admiral Guinea*.

Isabella.

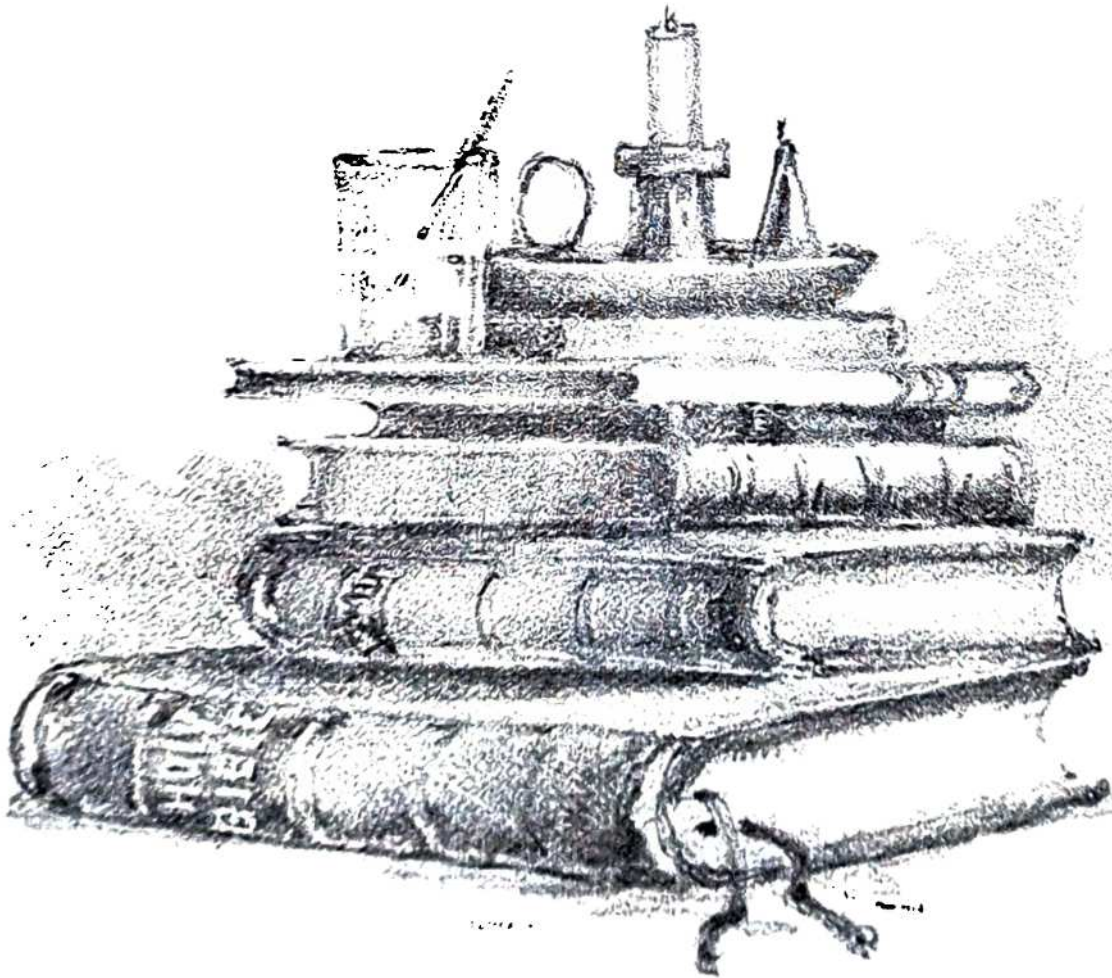
ISABELLA means *beautiful Isa*, or Eliza, just as Portobello means *beautiful port*.

ISABELLA CRANSTON (died 1795) was the wife of the Rev. John Brown of Whitburn, son of John Brown of Haddington, the Commentator. She was a woman of great beauty, and she feared God from her



What  
s thy  
ame?  
abella.

youth. She became a member of the Church when she was twelve. Before her marriage, as every wise girl will do, she set apart a day for special prayer. When she was dying—she was married only sixteen years—and too weak to hold a Bible, she made her son write out some promises which she had marked, which she called “her comforts.” She died with that list in her hand. A few days before her death she called for a short paper which her husband had drawn up, in which they dedicated themselves and their children to God, “for time and eternity, to be directed, managed, and saved by Him,” and signed it once more with her trembling hand, saying, “I do this cheerfully, and with all my heart.”



**Things that some Children have still to Learn.**

**Fifth Series.—No. 1.**

*Never put anything on the top of a Bible except, perhaps, a flower.*





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### Reasons for not going to Church. 5th Series—No. 1.

*This lady stayed away from Church last Sabbath because she has been from home a good deal of late ; she was at two parties last week and is to be at three this week, "and you know," she says, "I ought really to spend some time with dear little Fido."*

---



**Dr. Joseph Parker.**

A FRIEND in England, a charming mimic, told me the following story about the late Dr. Parker many years ago. And oh! how I wish I could tell it with the look and voice and tone with which it was told to me.

"I have been found fault with," said the Doctor from his pulpit one day, "for not treating questions *scientifically*. People say, 'you are always quoting the *Bible* ; why don't you appeal to *Science* and tell us what *it* has got to say about things?'"

Well, I am going to appeal to Science this morning! There is a poor widow here who has lost her only son, and she wishes to know if she will ever see him again. And I am going to ask Science for an answer to her question. So we will put away the Bible." (Here the Doctor lifted the Bible off the pulpit desk and put it on the seat behind him.)

"Will this poor woman ever see her son again? That is the question Science is to answer. What has become of him? Where is he? Does death end all? What does Science say to these questions?"

(Here followed a long pause, Dr. Parker staring straight before him and saying nothing.)

"We are treating this question, you see, *scientifically*. We have put away the Bible, and we want to know what light Science throws on

this poor woman's difficulty. What has become of her boy?"

(Another long pause, and dead silence.)

"The time is getting on, and she is waiting for an answer. Surely she is entitled to one? A most practical question; and if Science can throw real light on anything, surely it must have something to say in a case like this! Science, will this poor woman ever see her son again?"

(Another very long pause, and dead silence as before.)

"Science, we are waiting! We have put away the Bible, and we wish to treat this question in a purely SCIENTIFIC way. Will this poor woman ever see her son again?"

"We don't seem to be getting on! The poor woman's heart is like to break, and she is waiting for an answer. What am I to say to her? What answer does Science give?"

"What? *What?* WHAT? Has Science nothing to say? *nothing* to say to a practical question like that? NOTHING to say to the most practical of all questions?"

"Ah! then, we must just go back to the Old Book after all!" (Here Dr. Parker turned round, lifted the Bible off the seat, and replaced it, all with great deliberation; then opened it; and read:—)

"I shall go to him, but he shall

not return to me" . . . "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise." . . . "I am the resurrection and the life." . . . "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" . . . "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God." . . . "And so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Then closing the Bible, and patting it affectionately, Dr. Parker ended by saying, "No; we'll stick to the Old Book; we'll stick to the Old Book."



*Marvellous things did He in the land of Egypt.—Ps. 78, 12.*

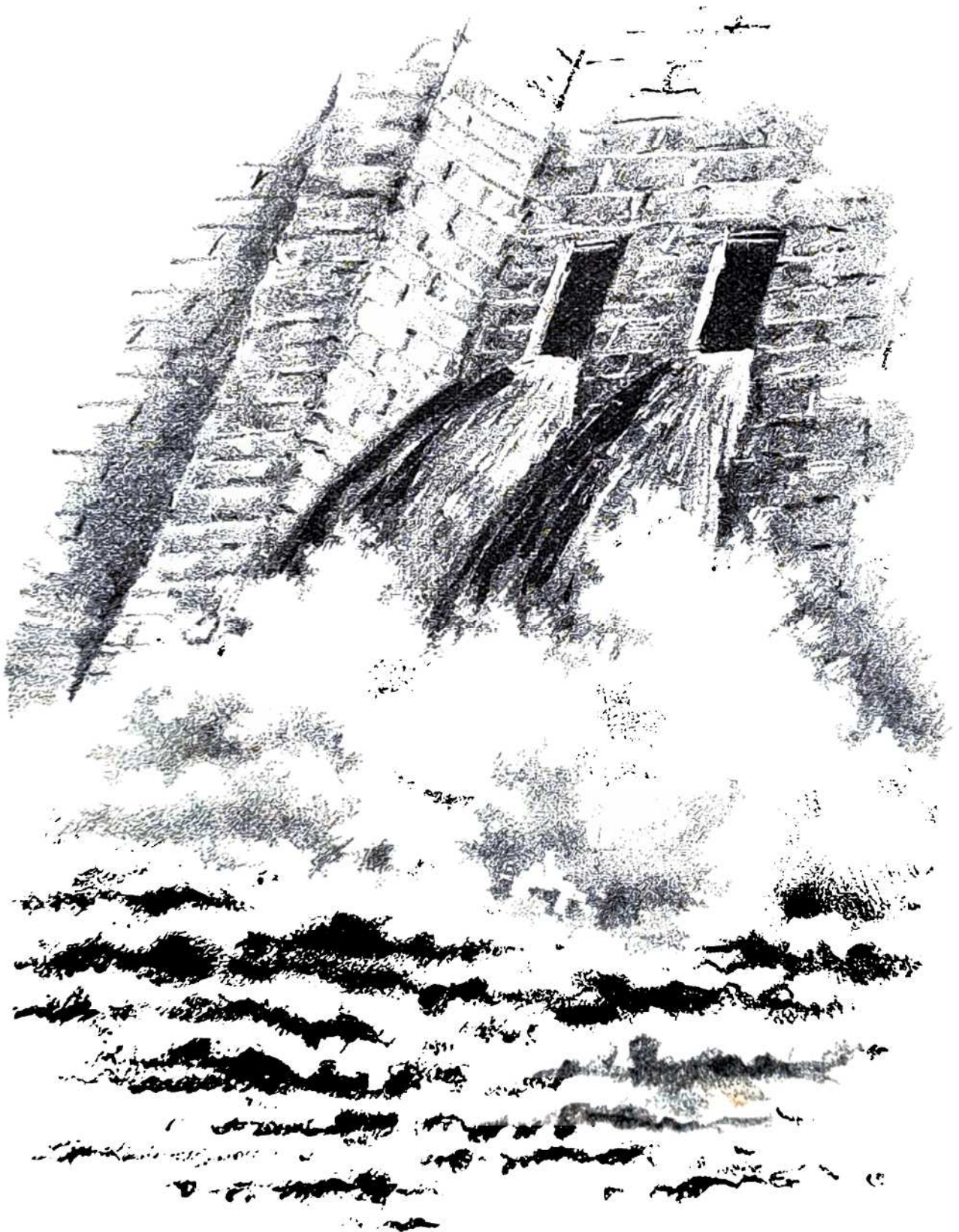
"**H**E who did wonders in Egypt" is one of God's standing titles, one of His Names in all generations. That is one of the reasons why that Land is spoken of in the preface to the Ten Commandments, Commandments which are meant for all lands. It is a Name which has never been in abeyance, but one, on the contrary, that has ever been receiving fresh accesses of glory.

Egypt's last wonder is the great granite wall that has just been built by British contractors and British engineers across the river Nile, six hundred miles above, that is, south of, Cairo. It is sixty-seven feet high, twenty four feet broad at the

top—with a carriage way seventeen feet wide between the parapets—and on an average sixty-two feet broad at the bottom, and it is a mile and a quarter long. It was to have taken five years to build, but it has been finished in four and a half. About 13,000 men have been employed most of that time. The labourers were Egyptians, the granite-cutters Italians, but the foremen all came from Britain. The cost has been two million pounds.

Behind this great granite wall the waters of the Nile, which have heretofore raced, in great measure uselessly, down the Cataracts, will now be banked up for a hundred and eighty miles, and stored as it were for use in a great lake or reservoir, capable of holding a thousand million tons of water. In the wall itself are 180 sluices, 140 of which are 23½ feet high and 6½ feet wide: the other forty are 12 feet high. When the river is low, only a few of these sluices will be opened. But when the reservoir is full and the Nile is in flood, the whole hundred and eighty will be opened wide, and 15,000 tons of water will gush through, every second, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour! I do wish we could all go and see it. This great mass of water will not only fill the old canals and the new ones that are being made, but it will bring down with it enormous quantities of rich black mud to cover the sand of the desert and make new regions fit for growing rice and wheat and sugar and leeks and onions and melons and cucumbers, though I hope they will





not grow too many of these last. Better more melons. So much ground will thus be reclaimed, that it is calculated that the whole expense of this great enterprise will be paid in twelve months, and ever after that there will be a yearly revenue to the Egyptian Government of nearly two and a half million pounds. Is it not pitiful to think that all that money has been running into the sea for thousands of years? One wonders why God did not long ago withdraw His wasted gifts, and turn the river into a wilderness, and the water springs into dry ground. Yet after all it was not indolence, but want of power, that has kept the Egyptians from making the most of God's rich bounty. They were not unmindful of His mercies. Year by year, as far back as we can go, they measured and recorded the rising of the waters. They did their best, and God waited patiently till at last Engineers from our own country arose and stretched their rods across the waters and made them stand up in an heap.

Two million pounds lost every year! We Britons have saved that for Egypt, and we lose much more than that ourselves *every week* in drink, and the money is the least part of our loss; for we are losing our souls as well.

A hundred and eighty sluices, each 6 feet 6 inches wide, open five months a year! We call that good, and so it is, and again I say I wish we could all go to see it. But how does it compare with the *windows of heaven*—and heaven is all window—which God says he will open if we prove Him, and from

which, night and day, He will pour us out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it!

### Elijah.

And it came to pass in the meanwhile, that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain. And Ahab rode, and went to Jezreel. And the hand of the Lord was on Elijah; and he girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel. (Heb. till thou come to Jezreel.)—1 *Kings* 18, 45.

And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, which parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.—2 *Kings* 2, 11.

And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elijah, talking with Him.—*Matt.* 17, 3.

Full twenty miles Elijah ran,  
While proud King Ahab rode;  
Too poor he was to ride with man  
That was to ride with God.

And he, who homeless roamed about  
The walls of Jezreel,  
Alone of men goes in and out  
Where God and Angels dwell.

EDWARD THRING, of Uppingham, one of the greatest of English schoolmasters, wrote out this prayer when he was a student at Cambridge:—

"Oh God, give me work till the end of my life, and life till the end of my work; for Christ's sake. Amen."





*Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very Heaven!*

THIS is little Johnnie Runciman, barely half-awake. But he is awaking! And that is his second cousin, Gracie Peffers, to whom he is to be married on the 8th or 9th of May—I am not sure which—1927; but he doesn't know that!

His uncle from Liverpool, who prides himself on his neat-handedness, has put the little banner on the pole, as you will see, upside down. But just as well for *us*; we should not have been able to read what was on it, otherwise.

- 1 TH LOVEST THOU ME?—*John 21, 15.*  
 2 F Jesus saith to him again the second time, Lovest thou Me?  
 3 S Jesus saith unto him the third time, Lovest thou Me?
- 
- 4 S God is my King of old.—*Ps. 74, 12.*  
 5 M Every day will I bless Thee.—*Ps. 145, 2.*  
 6 TU I meditate on Thee in the night watches.—*Ps. 63, 6.*  
 7 W When I awake I am still with Thee.—*Ps. 139, 18.*  
 8 TH Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord.—*Ps. 25, 15.* John, Marquess of Winchester, 1597-1674, wrote with a diamond the words *Aimez Loyaulte*, that is, Love loyalty, or, Be loyal to the King, on every pane of every window in Basing Castle, his ancestral residence.  
 9 F Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.—*Ps. 65, 8.*  
 10 S Daniel's windows were open toward Jerusalem.—*Dan. 6, 10.*
- 
- 11 S I made haste, and delayed not, to keep Thy commandments.—*Ps. 119, 60.*  
 12 M Abraham said unto Sarah, Make ready quickly.—*Gen. 18, 6.*  
 13 TU Wilt thou go? And Rebekah said, I will go.—*Gen. 24, 58.*  
 14 W Then Abigail made haste.—*1 Sam. 25, 18.* Sir Henry Taylor said Mrs. Carlyle was the only woman he ever met who could go out of her house without a quarter of an hour's preparation.  
 15 TH Mary arose, and went into the hill country with haste.—*Luke, 1, 39.*  
 16 F As soon as Mary (Martha's sister) heard that, she arose quickly.—*John 11, 29.*  
 17 S The women did run to bring His disciples word.—*Matt. 28, 8.*
- 
- 18 S Thou art my trust from my youth.—*Ps. 71, 5.*  
 19 M When thou shalt be old—*John 21, 18.*  
 20 TU Him that stooped for age.—*2 Chron. 36, 17.*  
 21 W Even to hoar hairs will I carry you.—*Is. 46, 4.*  
 22 TH They shall still bring forth fruit in old age.—*Ps. 92, 14.*  
 23 F Thou shalt honour the face of the old man.—*Lev. 19, 32.*  
 24 S The memory of the just is blessed.—*Prov. 10, 7.* The iron hand-rail which was placed in a staircase in King's College, Cambridge, to help the Rev. Charles Simeon (1759-1836) in his old age, is still called *The Saint's Rest*.
- 
- 25 S I have known Abraham, to the end that he may command his household after him, that they may keep the way of the Lord.—*Gen. 18, 19, A. V.*  
 26 M Believing masters.—*1 Tim. 6, 1.*  
 27 TU A servant honoureth his master.—*Mal. 1, 6.*  
 28 W I love my master.—*Ex. 21, 5.*  
 29 TH O Lord, shew kindness unto my master Abraham.—*Gen. 24, 12.*  
 30 F The Queen of Sheba saw the wisdom of Solomon, and the sitting of his servants.—*2 Chron. 9, 3.* "10th April, 1885. Lunched at the Elysée with President Grévy; the servants, who are always a test of an establishment and of their masters, a very seedy-looking set."—*Lord Ronald Gower's Old Diaries.*  
 31 S The saints that are of Cæsar's household.—*Phil. 4, 22.*



February, 1903.

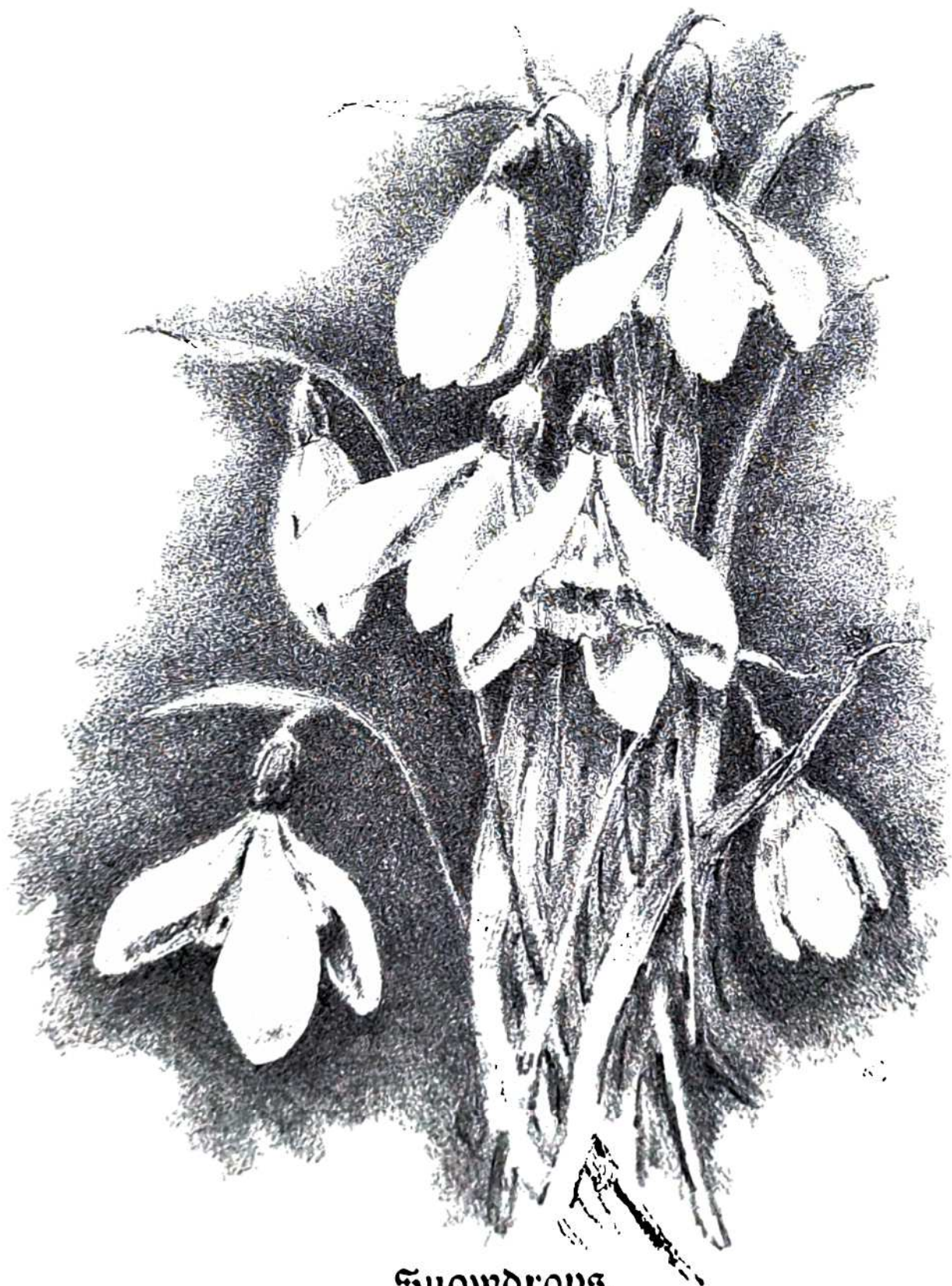
One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVI.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 2.



Snowdrops.

*"The Morning Watch" for 1902, Vol. XV., is now ready. Price, One Shilling.*

*Vol. XIV., for 1901, may still be had.*

*All the other Volumes are out of print.*

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.  
Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.  
London: Hodder & Stoughton.*

*Messrs James M'Kelvie & Sons will give full price for old Volumes of "The Morning Watch" in good condition.*

*And do ye not remember?—Matt. 8, 18.*

A MAN of my acquaintance told me recently that, when he was planting some crocus bulbs in the late autumn of 1899, he so arranged them that when they came up they should form the figures 1900. The summer had not been the happiest he had seen, his health was poor, and he had many things to fret him. One day, however, his spirits rose a little, and calculating that, if he were spared to be as much past the shortest day of the year as he was then on this side of it, he would be seeing the crocuses coming up, the very thought of their yellow fires dispelled his gloom. Winter was still to come, but Springtime was nigh, even at the doors, and so he planted, full of hope, the figures 1900, as he thought. As he was planting the bulbs in his lawn over against his window, a blackbird came and whistled and fluted on his garden wall. That, too, seemed to him a token for good, and so it was. The bird, it appeared to him, was welcoming the year, it was seeing the promises afar off, it was persuaded of them, and was embracing them. People might discuss how many things a bird could count, some

would say three, some even five, but here was one that could reckon by hundreds, and was well up in dates!

Springtime came, and the crocuses in due season laid out their little golden bowls as though they were laying plate for the table of a king, but instead of 1900, 1890 was the pattern they displayed! His mind had wandered from his work while he was thinking about the bird. Unwittingly he had begun with the familiar formula 18—, and when he had added 90, he imagined he had written as he meant to do.

But his mistake taught him such a lesson that he was glad, after all, that he had made it. For it showed him that instead of looking only forwards and wondering what God might do for him, he ought many a time to have looked backwards and considered what God had already done. There are things which many of us have that were given us by people as presents long ago, and we were proud of them, and now they only annoy us every time we look at them. They remind us of love that is dead. We would return them if we could. It is not so with what comes from God, for His gifts are without repentance. Past mercies are present possessions, and are meant to be eternal joys. Hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies?

Then did I say, That surely this  
Is mine infirmity;  
I'll mind the years of the right hand  
Of Him that is Most High.  
Yea, I remember will the works  
Performed by the Lord;  
The wonders done of old by Thee  
I surely will record.



# What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 5.)

What  
is thy  
name?

Isabel.

ISABEL, daughter of the Count of Angoulême, wife of King John, and mother of Henry III., was nick-named Jezebel from her mischief-making. It was John's marriage to her that brought about the loss of England's possessions on the Continent of Europe.

ISABEL SOMERSET, 1775-1831, daughter of the fourth Duke of Beaufort, and wife of the fourth Duke of Rutland, lost, as she grew older, so much of the beauty of her youth that people used to call her, not the Duchess *Isabel*, but the Duchess *Was-a-belle*. And richly she deserved to lose her beauty, for she took the wrong way to preserve it. A friend of hers, as the story goes, met a very beautiful peasant girl one day near Belvoir Castle, in Leicestershire—which, by the way, you must pronounce *Beevor* Castle, otherwise no one will believe that you have met the Duke of Rutland or been invited to visit at his seat. Now, this peasant girl had lost one of her best front teeth. "Oh what a pity!" said the lady to her. "How did it happen?" "Well, you see, Ma'am," was the answer, "the duchess had lost one of her front teeth, so she forced me to have mine taken out to replace it!"

ISABELLA was the name of a Scotch girl who, had she feared God, might have won fame here and glory hereafter, as the servant of Thomas Carlyle and his wife. "She was a handsome cultivated-looking Edinburgh girl," says Carlyle in his notes to his wife's letters, "but indisputably the worst specimen of Scotch character I have ever seen produced." "She showed no disposition to learn her work, wrote Mrs Carlyle to a friend, "became every day more sulky and slovenly, breaking out at times into a sort of hysterical insolence, refusing to do things, and when told that others had done them willingly, remarking, 'Oh yes, there are women that like to make slaves of themselves, but I will never slave myself for anybody's pleasure.' When at last she said she wished to go, I agreed to let her." She was to wait three weeks, but before the second week was well begun, Mrs Carlyle meantime having taken ill, Isabella began to cry continually that her hands were getting all spoilt with dirty work. On the Saturday night she told her mistress that if she was not allowed to go next day, she would take fits and be laid up in her house for a whole year, as had once happened to her before in another house. Carlyle hearing this told her to "disappear straightway, and in no region of the universe, if she could avoid it, ever to let him behold her again." Next morning, accordingly, after breakfast she went away to stay with her seven cousins in the east of London, leaving her mistress ill in bed and no servant in the house. I have no doubt she and her cousins thought she had done a wonderfully smart and clever thing. I think most people will agree that her conduct was not only cruel but low. Isabella, it was found out after-

What  
is thy  
name?

Isabel.

wards, told her friends that she gave up her place because she didn't like the way the Carlyles kept the Sabbath !

If any of you who read these words should ever find that you are a servant in a house in which you cannot stay—and there are bad masters and bad mistresses in the world, and lots of them, as well as bad servants—be faithful and do your best to the last moment of your stay, and when you leave, **LEAVE HONOURABLY**, not only for the sake of your own good name, but for the sake of that worthy Name by the which ye are called.





## Boys that have Something still to Learn.

### FIFTH SERIES.

No. 2.

WHEN you go a-snowballing, use only clean, soft, dry snow. One boy should never attack one girl unless she is bigger than he; it should be one boy to two, better still, one boy to three girls, and then only if they are willing. Let some of your handfuls miss on purpose, and stop the moment they ask you. And if by any chance you should hurt one of them, don't run away like a coward, but go and beg her pardon like a man.

### Snowdrops.

*So they went, and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch,—Matt. 27, 66.*

*And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away.—Mark 16, 4.*

The flowers were dead; and frost  
and snow

And Winter's gloom  
Had buried them; and barred them  
so;

And sealed the tomb.

I passed that way, and lo! I found—  
No—not the dead—

But white-robed angels! hands un-  
bound!

Seals broke! guards fled!

*Peter walked on the waters, to go to Jesus.  
Matt. 14, 29.*

At 12.30 on Friday afternoon,  
21st November last, 60 miles

west of the Scilly Isles, the whole crew of the barque *Firth of Stronsa*, of Glasgow, 1,211 tons, homeward bound from Junin in Chili with a cargo of nitrate, were engaged furling the fore lower topsail. There was a heavy gale of wind at the time from the south-east and a mountainous sea. "I was standing on the poop," says Captain Walker, "when I saw some one fall from aloft overboard. I immediately got a large buoy with a line attached and passed it from the poop to two men, who ran along the deck with it. Meanwhile Mr. Nelson, my first mate, had thrown a line overboard. It was then I saw it was the second mate, Mr. Kirkwood. The life-buoy was thrown to him. He secured himself in it, and called out to those on deck to haul away, which they did, and got him alongside. While they were hauling him up the ship's side, and just as Mr. Nelson was in the act of taking hold of his hand, a tremendous sea broke over the ship where we were, sending everyone down to leeward, and when it had cleared away the life-buoy was empty, and we saw nothing more of him." One of the crew adds that the men on the yard were actually beginning to cheer, when he was swept away.

Mr. Kirkwood, who belonged to our congregation in Greenock, was a good lad and greatly beloved.

He joined his first ship, the *Hiddekel*, on the 22nd Sept., 1892. After completing his apprenticeship, and making several voyages in other ships as third officer, and being once

wrecked, he spent nearly three years ashore in charge of the business, that of master-builder, of his father, who had been stricken down by a severe illness. On his father's recovery, he went back to sea in September, 1901, and it was on the eve of the completion of this voyage that he was lost.

When the news of his death reached his people, a letter was lying awaiting him containing an invitation to a marriage. But he had received and accepted, we hope and believe, a prior summons to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

He kept a journal from the first day he went to sea. His people have kindly given me a reading of the volumes, and from them and all else one has seen and heard of him, there can be little doubt that if God had spared him to command a ship, he would have proved himself a capable, brave, and kindly Captain. In all his diaries he speaks continually, and with great feeling, of the trials and dangers and hardships of the sailor's lot. In the very last entry of all, written two days before his death, he announces his intention of entertaining his ship-mates to a good New Year's dinner whenever they reached the port of discharge. I hope they will remember that his invitation still stands, only now it is one "to eat bread with him in the Kingdom of God." Ye men and lads of the *Firth of Stronsa*, "Remember the trysting-place—the right-hand of Christ."

When he reached Sydney on 3rd January, 1902, he records that just

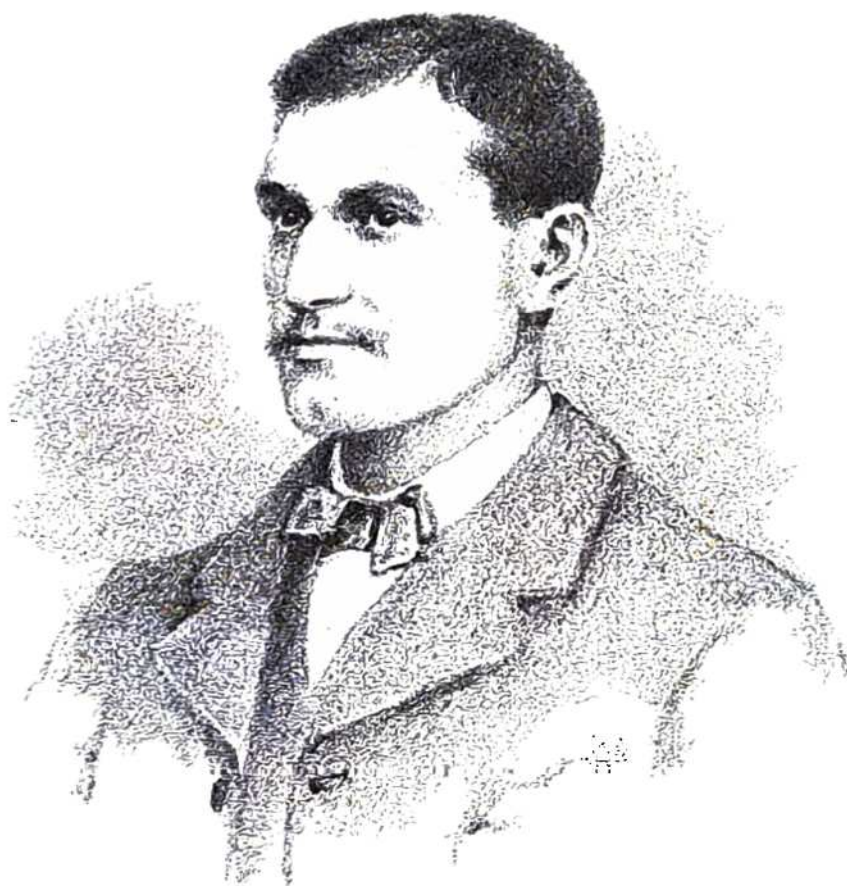
before anchoring the letters came aboard. His amounted "to the very respectable total of 15. When I got them," he adds, "my chief joy was to see my father's familiar 'handwrite' on one of the envelopes, and that night the mate was at me if I was going altogether, because of my singing and jumping around; it was just my pent-up feelings being relieved."

What thoughts passed through his mind when he found himself overwhelmed in the deep, we shall all hear from him, I hope, hereafter. Perhaps there was one moment of fear and disappointment, and sorrow for the sake of his father and mother and brothers and sisters—and then peace and joy in the Lord. The summons, the letters he got, would not be grievous; he could see that they were in his Father's hand.

Subjoined are two or three more extracts from his journals, just to give you a taste of his character and quality. I hope to print some more some other time.

"1901, Sept. 8. We sighted a homeward-bound French barque the other morning about 5.30, and I signalled him to report us all well. She was a fine sight riding along on a big sea before the wind with Royals set. Although at the time we were making a fair wind of it, the breeze and sea were right abeam and so we only carried foresail and whole topsails. The Frenchman passed close astern of us and I jumped on the wheel-box and waved my cap to him. Sighting a vessel





William Kirkwood

that way at sea causes one to have a very brotherly feeling, and I can't but wonder how, in the good old days when sea fights were so rife, two ships meeting on the high seas immediately got into action. I should be more inclined to have a quiet yarn with the signals, wish the other fellow a pleasant voyage and sail on."

"Oct. 6th. About 3 a.m., when in the squalls all that could be heard

was the iss-iss as the ship sped along and the loud batter of the rain on deck and on the water, the Captain came on deck and told me to take in royals and light sails. Then at 4 o'clock the mainsail was furled, after which followed the fore-top-gallant sail. . . . Before going below I was standing at the main-mast talking to the mate when the old girl rolled a bit in the sharp sea which had arisen and almost filled herself. We were not long in perching ourselves on coigns of vantage clear of the healthy salt

water. Just at this time the old man blew his whistle and gave orders for all hands again; so out our watch had to go again, take in the main top-gallant sail and then brace up the yards, so that it was six o'clock before we got turned in.

. . . I had my doubts about the word 'coign' I used on the other page and looked for it in the dictionary but without success; then I turned up the *Lady of the Lake*, having a notion the word was used there by Sir Walter, but although I searched closely was again 'left.' I spoke of the matter to the Captain's wife, who looked in her dictionary, but the word couldn't be found, so that really I am quite uneasy about the matter; however, although not positive, I have a notion that I am quite within the limits of the English language in using it." . . . "Sat., Nov. 29th. The other day my mind was relieved a bit, and that was when, in reading *Marmion*, I came across the 'vantage coign' of Tantallon Castle."

"Oct. 27th. A week since we crossed the Line. As one result of our position we are seeing some very brilliant sunsets these evenings,

whilst the nights are almost as the days owing to the brightness of the moon. Ah, but the moon is a great blessing to those on the deep. Would that we sailors thought a little more of Who makes the moon to shine, and oftentimes causes it to break through the clouds and lightens up the surroundings which are looking, by the very reason of being seen so dimmedly, very dreary and wild. The light of it doesn't take away any of the wildness, but it gives it a grandeur which is much preferable to a weary dreariness."

"Nov. 3rd. I am in an extra good mood this afternoon, as in my watch below this forenoon I had a very pleasant dream of Home."

"Aug. 2, 1902. Last night was a regal one. Certainly we had some rain squalls, but they only added to the brilliancy of the scene, acting as passing frames to the clear parts of the moonless sky in which the southern stars sparkled gloriously. Surely the stars are sweet companions to a chap keeping his otherwise lonely watch. His heart must be hard as adamant who isn't in some measure comforted by their bright presence."

### Reasons for not going to Church. 5th Series—No. 2.

*These lads have been discussing for two hours and a half, in the car, in the train, even in the darkness of the tunnels, and at the corner where they have to part, whether the referee was justified in blowing his whistle and stopping the football match five and a half minutes before time, when the game stood 5 goals to 1, just because it began to snow heavily. They have agreed to meet in an hour or so with some other fellows and thresh the whole matter out from beginning to end, "because there is much to be said on both sides of the question, and a great deal depends on it."*

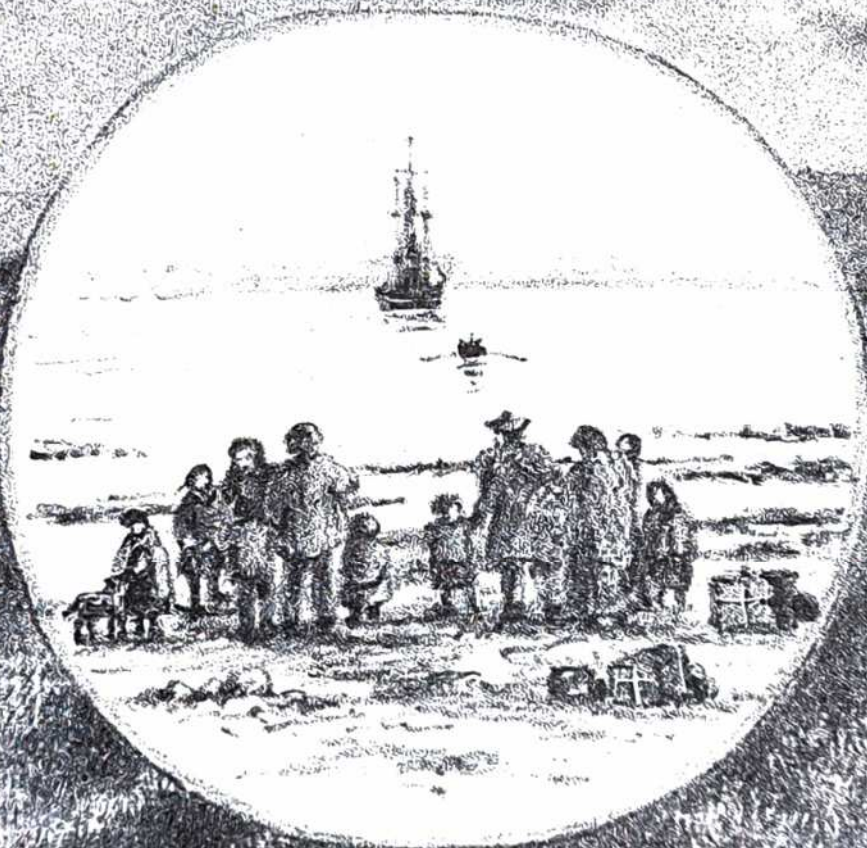
*And yet one of them has left the Church because his minister preached late in*





*for half-an-hour and ten minutes—his subject was the Resurrection—"and if a man can't say all he has to say on any subject in twenty minutes, he should shut up shop and take to some other trade."*





*The Misty Islands  
of the Sea.*

"I am sending you," writes a friend, "a rhyme I wrote, suggested by the number of coloured people here who are called Maclean, Mackenzie, Cameron, &c.,



and the Scots names like Mamore and Skibo and Stornoway dotted over the map of Jamaica, names that must have been a heartache once, and now mean no more than New Castle or King's Town."

## The Emigrant.

*Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him;  
but weep sore for him that goeth away: for  
he shall return no more, nor see his native  
country.—Jer. 22, 10.*

O Wind that pipes around the Hebrides,  
The melancholy moorlands drenched with rain,  
*The misty islands beaten by the seas,*

What is the mystery of your melodies?  
Your sweet Cran luath\* makes us marching-fain,  
*O Wind that pipes around the Hebrides!*

In summer climes we take our ease,  
Nor think we to regret again  
*The misty islands beaten by the seas.*

Of what New Worlds we hold the keys!  
Yet hearken to thy distant strain,  
*O Wind that pipes around the Hebrides,*

For ever to your refugees  
A coronach, crying out in pain,  
*"The misty islands beaten by the seas."*

And yet the children on our knees  
Will never hear your sad refrain,  
*O Wind that pipes around the Hebrides,  
The misty islands beaten by the seas!*

JAMAICA, 20th August, 1902.

You will notice in this poem that there are but two rhymes; and that the first and third lines of the first stanza are, time about, the third line in each successive stanza, and form together one couplet at the close. The lines repeat themselves like a man with a grief. The French call this kind of poem a *Villanelle*.

\* Cran luath, pronounced *Croon loon*, a term in pipe music, "quick step."

- 1 **S** I have been young, and now am old.—*Psa. 37, 25.*  
 2 **M** Grey hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth not.—*Hosea 7, 9.*  
 3 **TU** Lord, make me to know mine end,  
 4 **W** And the measure of my days, what it is ;  
 5 **TH** Let me know how frail I am.—*Psa. 39, 4.* “Our nurse, Brooks, could never forget she had been a beauty. She sat for her portrait when over 70, but was not pleased. She objected to the stick which the artist had put in her hand; ‘I should have thought a book would have looked nicer.’”—*Mary Boyle.*  
 6 **F** O satisfy us early with Thy mercy ;  
 7 **S** That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.—*Psa. 90, 14.*
- 
- 8 **S** The Lord is a God of recompences.—*Jer. 51, 56 (R. V.)*  
 9 **M** He that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity.—*Prov. 22, 8.*  
 10 **TU** Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein.—*Prov. 26, 27.*  
 11 **W** And he that rolleth a stone, it shall return upon him. “Tuesday, 19th Sept., 1769.—I preached near Bradford. When I had nearly finished my sermon, the people lifted up their voice, especially one, called a gentleman, who had filled his pocket with rotten eggs : but a young man coming unawares, clapped his hands on each side, and mashed them all at once. In an instant he was perfume all over.”—*John Wesley's Journal.*  
 12 **TH** Why boastest thou thyself in mischief, O mighty man?—*Psa. 52.*  
 13 **F** The righteous shall see, and fear, and laugh at him :  
 14 **S** Lo, this is the man that strengthened himself in his wickedness.
- 
- 15 **S** When I saw the glory of the Lord, I fell upon my face.—*Ezek. 1, 28.*  
 16 **M** And He said unto me, Stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee. (“The need of self-respect.”—*Phillips Brooks.*)  
 17 **TU** Two blind men cried out, Have mercy on us, O Lord !—*Matt. 20, 30.*  
 18 **W** And Jesus stood still, and called them,  
 19 **TH** And said, What will ye that I shall do unto you ?  
 20 **F** They say unto Him, Lord, that our eyes may be opened. “My children were quickly made to understand they might have nothing they cried for, and instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted. They were not suffered to ask the servant for aught without saying, ‘Pray give me such a thing ;’ and the servant was chid if she ever let them omit that word.”—*John Wesley's Mother.*  
 21 **S** O Lord, open Thou my lips.—*Psa. 51, 15.*
- 
- 22 **S** God is love.—*1 John 4, 8.* “The unity of Scripture is its testimony to a love in God which we do not earn, which we can never repay, but which in our sins comes to meet us with mercy, dealing, nevertheless, with our sins in all earnest, and at infinite cost doing right by God's holy law in regard to them; a love which becomes incarnate in the Lamb of God bearing the sin of the world, and putting it away by the sacrifice of Himself.”—*The Death of Christ, by Prof. Deener.*  
 23 **M** Herein is love, not that we loved God,--v. 10.  
 24 **TU** But that He loved us,  
 25 **W** And sent His Son  
 26 **TH** To be the propitiation for our sins.  
 27 **F** We love Him,  
 28 **S** Because He first loved us.--v. 19.



March, 1903.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVI.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

No. 3.



*"The merry brown hares came leaping  
Over the crest of the hill."*

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Vol. XIV., for 1901, may still be had.

All the other Volumes are out of print.

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Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.

London: Hodder & Stoughton.

*In Thy book all my members were written.  
Ps. 139, 16.*

A FRIEND in Ireland has a little boy who asked him how God "joined him all together" There is a picture in one of the rooms of his house, "Luther translating the Scriptures." "What is that man doing?" the boy asked his sister one day lately.

"He is reading the Bible."

"To see how God made him?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what God said when He made me? He said, 'There now! that's wee John So-and-so done!'"

That little fellow spoke very boldly and at the same time very truly, and very wisely. We are fearfully and wonderfully made, and just as God at the beginning, at the close of each day's work, saw that it was good, so He still rejoices in His works. He begins to make people, and to prepare a place for them, hundreds, thousands of years before they are born. And when at last all things are ready and they are sent into the world, He says,

"What could have been done more that I have not done?"

But, unhappily, we forget the Lord our Maker and refuse to do His will. "In the shadow of His hand He hid me and made me a polished shaft, in His quiver He hath kept me close: and He said unto me, Thou art My servant, in whom I will be glorified." But we turn aside like a deceitful bow and resist His purpose; and then, as the potter does with the vessel of clay that is marred when he makes it again another vessel, so God does with us. Time after time He tries another plan, and does all He can for us, till at last, when He can do no more, He is compelled to break us to shivers.

But if we are wise and through His grace do His will, at the close of every day He says of us, as He said of His well-beloved Son, "There now! Behold My servant whom I uphold; Mine elect in whom My soul delighteth." But He is never done with us. We go from strength to strength. God sees each day's work that it is good, and when the end comes, He sees everything that He has made, and, behold, it is very good! And that end will be but a new beginning. They that dwell in Thy house will be still praising Thee.

**What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.**

**A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCLES. 7, 1.**

*(Continued from page 16.)*

What  
is thy  
name?  
I asked.

James Melville, 1556-1614, the first professor in Scotland to read to his class Greek authors in the original, nephew of the famous Andrew



What  
is thy  
name?

Isabel.

Melville to whom, by the blessing of God, we owe our Presbyterianism, had for his mother "ISOBELL Scrymgeour, a woman exceedingly beloved of her husband's friends and neighbours." She died within a year after he was born, but her place was filled, as far as it could be, by his sister, another ISOBELL, who, he says, "would read and sing Sir David Lindsay's book, concerning the latter judgment, the pains of hell, and the joys of heaven, whereby she would cause me both greet and be glad. I loved her, therefore, exceedingly dearly, and she me by the rest. She showed me one day a ballad set out in print against ministers, that for want of stipend left their charges, beginning,

Who so do put hand to the pleuche, (plough)  
And therefra backward goes,  
The Scripture maks it plean aneuche  
My Kingdom is nocht for those.

With this she burst forth in tears, and says, 'Alas! what will come of them at that latter day? God keep my father, and Mr Melville, and Mr Balfour from this!' And after she cried out the verses of David Lindsay:—

Alas! I tremble for to tell  
The terrible torments of the hell;  
That painful pit who can deplore?  
Quhilk sall endure for evermore.

With her speeches and tears she made me to quake and chout bitterly, which left the deepest stamp of God's fear in my heart of anything that I had ever heard before. I was given to a bairnly evil and dangerous use of pyking (pilfering); the which she perceiving of purpose gave me the credit of the key of her kist (chest), and having some small silver in a little shuttle, I took some of it, thinking she could not have missed it. But by that occasion she entered so upon me with so sore threatenings, and therewithal so sweet and loving admonition and exhortations, that I thank Thee, my God, I abstained from it all my days thereafter; and wherever I was, if I could have gotten anything to buy, worthy of her, I was accustomed to send it her, in token of our affection, as long as she lived. This benefit I had of God, by her means, that winter, for increase of His fear and honesty of life."

She and her sister Marjory were married on one day in 1673, and then comes this sad entry in the diary:—"1674: the beginning of this year was most doleful to me, by the departure of my dearest sister Isabel: in whom I lost my natural mother the second time."

Jane.

JANE, JANET, JEAN, JESSIE, JOAN, all mean the same as JOHN, *the grace of the Lord.*

There is a monument in Canterbury Cathedral with this inscription:—

"To JANE HARDRES, only daughter of Sir Thomas Hardres, Knight, and Philadelphia his wife; a virgin eminently adorned with all the gifts of body and of mind, obedient and respectful to all, but especially to her parents; constant in her prayers; charitable to

What  
is thy  
name?

Jane.

the poor; remarkable for her unstained manners; and of an extraordinary beauty. She willingly resigned her soul to God in the year 1675, in the 20th year of her age. Attend, Oh my choice companions! If blooming youth; if the most tender affection of parents, and the love of brothers; if affluence of wealth; if a large circle of friends would have availed anything, I had still continued among you. But God decreed otherwise; therefore, take this warning from me:—Learn to distrust a flattering world."

JANE, daughter of Sir John Dean Paul, of Rodborough, hearing in a room one night a peculiarly hearty and ringing laugh from a man whom she could not see, rashly said, in a moment of high spirits, "I will marry the man who can laugh in that way and no one else." The remark being repeated to the man, a Mr. Fitzgerald, grandson of the first Duke of Leinster, he insisted upon being immediately introduced. The young lady was covered with confusion, but as she was exceedingly pretty, this only added to her attractions, and the adventure led to a proposal, and eventually, after some difficulties, to a marriage. He died in 1863, she in 1891.

Carlyle in one of his essays says that what he would like to see is a nation "of stern faces, stern as any Hebrew, but capable withal of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasion. Laughter, if it comes from the heart, is a heavenly thing." Yes, it is one of God's best and most wonderful gifts to man, and we should use it worthily. You can tell infallibly what a man or woman is by *what* they laugh at. And you can tell a good deal by watching *how* they laugh. The most beautiful laughter I ever heard was that of an officer in Stirling who was going with a companion up King Street to the Castle, seven-and-twenty years ago. So delightful was it to listen to that I followed them till I was ashamed. Our parents, and our teachers at school, and, generally, all who love us, ought to teach us how to laugh, as well as how to read or how to walk. There are two things in particular that make a girl very odious: When she giggles at everything she says, no matter what it is: and when she and her companions scream with laughter in the streets, especially at night.

Robert Louis Stevenson's AUNT JANE, he tells us, was a wit and a beauty in her youth, very imperious, managing and self-sufficient. But as she grew up, she began to suffice for all the family as well. An accident while riding made her nearly deaf and blind, and suddenly transformed this wilful empress into the most serviceable and amiable of women. There were thirteen of the Balfours and thirteen of the Stevensons, and the children of the family came home to her to be nursed, to be educated, to be mothered, from the infanticidal climate of India. There must sometimes have been half-a-score of children at the manse; and all were born a second time from Aunt Jane's tenderness. It was strange when a new party of these sallow young folk came home, perhaps with an Indian Ayah. The little country manse at Colinton, near Edinburgh, was the centre of the world; and Aunt Jane represented Charity. Mr. Stevenson's mother used to say that that text must have been written for her: "More are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife." *Isaiah 54, 1.*





## Young People that have Something still to Learn.

### FIFTH SERIES.

#### No. 3.

**I**n most churches, after the congregation has left, any one who looks may see one or two Bibles

and Psalm-books, or at least leaves out of them, lying on the floor. Now, when you see that, you are not to say, "The church-officer, or the woman who cleans the place, will lift them up to-morrow." *You* are to lift them up *now*, if you can do it conveniently, and *conveniently*

is one of the words to which love gives a large interpretation. You are to do it not only from a love of neatness and order, but from a feeling of reverence. Try to find the Bible out of which the leaf has fallen, and put it in carefully in its proper place. But if the leaf be badly torn or crumpled and soiled, perhaps it will be best to take it away and destroy it: only you must do that very lovingly and tenderly, just as you do with the dead body of a friend.



### A Sailor's Life at Sea.

LAST month I told you of the sad death of a young Greenock officer, Mr. William Kirkwood, who was drowned at sea, in peculiarly touching circumstances, on the 21st November last, 60 miles west of the Scilly Isles. I now give you, as I promised, a few more extracts from his diary. They will give you, I think, some idea of a sailor's work, his dangers, his sorrows, and his joys; and if any of you should ever happen to have a friend going to sea, you may learn from these paragraphs some of the kind little things that you may do for him when he joins his ship, and after.

"*Sept 22, 1901.* My position on the poop is sometimes somewhat trying, because we get orders to call the Captain if the wind freshens or is squally. Well, I see what I think is a squall coming down and thus I commune with myself, 'Should I call the old man?' (The Captain, however young, is always called that by the men.) If I do he may not

think the occasion worthy of his turning out and may say so; on the other hand, if I don't and he comes on deck when things are whistling, it will likely be, 'Why don't you call me?' The clouds began to roll up the other night from before the beam, the ship having the main-top-gallant sail on her. I went down and let the Captain know as they had had a heavy squall in the watch before. He came up and had a look at the condition of things and said he didn't think anything extra would come, but that I was quite right to call him, and if a puff did come along to lower the top-gallant sail. He hadn't been below fifteen minutes when sure enough the puff came. I had the men standing by the halliards (the ropes for lowering sails) but didn't start anything, and I must confess that though somewhat nervous when a squall is travelling down on top of me, once it has come and the ship heels over as she swish-swishes through the water, a feeling of elation fills me as the gear cracks, the man at the wheel shoves over his helm, and I know my bully boys are there, ready to lower away. The feeling is sort of difficult to describe, but one seems for the time being to have risen somewhat above the usual things of every-day life, and one can't help thrilling with a sense of being of some little importance in this floating farmyard of ours."

"*Sept. 29, 1901.* The mate and I can bear evidence to the fact that Scotch currant bun when partaken in the silent watches of the night upon the high seas is very accept-



able, I might say delectable, for when I hear the smacking of the mate's lips and watch the play of his moonlit features as he munches the luscious cake, nothing less than delectable can describe his feelings."

"*Nov. 16.* We are now down in 40° and the wind blows cold at night. The coldness has its compensation in the great delight one takes in one's bunk. I really never enjoyed my bed ashore as I do now, and always lie awake for the first half-hour hugging myself inwardly with great delight. I lie awake because when one falls asleep, although getting rest one isn't happily conscious of the fact. . . . Whenever I become conscious of my feet I always bless Mrs. C., for do I not keep a pair of her presented socks as foot warmers when in bunk?"

"*May 28, 1902.* Feeling a wee bit peckish about 3 a.m. I asked Larry, the boy Charlie Hawkins who joined our ship at Newcastle, New South Wales, to go and bring me a biscuit out of their barge. Says Larry, 'Do you like honey, Sir?' 'Larry,' I answered, 'don't say another word,' and away forward he went and brought me back a huge slice of bread liberally besmeared with honey. 'The steward has surely been very generous,' I said. 'Oh,' he said, we didn't get that from the steward, it is a piece of our own.'"

"*August 10, 1902.* I sewed my blankets together the other day. When each was doubled it was just

to the narrow side for my bunk, so that when I drew up my knees to jam off my personality with the view of not being landed on deck when the ship gave a heavy lurch or roll, the cold air uncomfortably found a few exposed parts of me. That wasn't good enough. So by doubling them, then sewing them together with an overlap, I have now four ply over the greater part of me, and the lap of two ply serves as tucking in. Colossal Brrrrrain!"

"*Aug. 25.* The Captain's wife had a bad bronchial attack two nights ago. Sailors are said to be coarse; be it so; yet it was good to see how carefully they laid the ropes down on the poop deck so that they might not disturb her any more than was actually necessary, for of course we couldn't haul the yards round without making some noise."

"*Sept. 17.* Three weeks since my last entry in my Diary. The cause hasn't been want of material, rather the reverse. On 28th Aug. it came on to blow strong, and after running for a day we hove to and experienced two very wild nights of it. The snow squalls were something terrific and as black as ink. During three of them the mastheads and yardarms were lit up with electric balls, whilst a number of the braces sparkled with phosphoric glow. The sight was weird in the extreme to us as we huddled under the lee of the dodger on the poop, the coldness making our jaws work like a butcher's mincing machine. After the first night—at 4 a.m.—a gust blew the

foretopsail right out of the ropes. We drifted round The Horn, hove to, then the weather moderated somewhat, and away we squared on Saturday morning, 18 days ago. We ran all that day and throughout the night with main topsail and reefed foresail, and Sabbath morning came on, still with the gale fresh and an angry choppy sea. About 8.20 I was standing by the compass, watching the steering, with two men at the wheel, and other two standing on the poop. Suddenly a sea, which didn't look to be specially big, swept aboard over her stern and knocked me against the skylight, winding me, and then on to the deck. When I came to myself and stood up, I saw the old man running aft, and when I looked that way I followed him, for our two men were gone from the wheel, besides half of the wheel itself, and the ship was broaching to. We got her righted, however, but as we worked the broken wheel I looked astern and saw one of the men—evidently swimming wildly. It was awful, but we could do nothing for him, all our attention being required to manage the ship. When we got her before the wind again, the old man sent me forward with word to the mate to cut away the foresail and heave to. We got the foresail hauled up—it came in very quickly that time—then came aft and braced up the mainyards. The old ship came to very nicely, and once more she was in her old position of lying to. But that was a hard morning for us, and specially thankful am I—as one of the five who were on the poop when she shipped the sea

—that I am able to write of it. The people in the cabin thought that the whole lot of us had been swept away. As it was, Rosendall was the man we lost overboard; the other helmsman, who is still laid up owing to his injuries, didn't pick himself up till he reached the main hatch; the man whom we call the Ancient Mariner was carried off the poop, and was only prevented from going over the side by being knocked against the mizzen rigging. The sea had gone right over the other man, but he saw it coming and twisted his arms and legs round the rail so that it didn't carry him away. Besides all that, much damage was done to the fittings on the poop, the skylight being burst, binacle washed away, etc. After rounding to we had to make the foresail fast, and it was a weary job. The thermometer was 4° below freezing point, and the frost nipped a lot of our fingers at the points; there is a sort of numb feeling in mine yet, and I find some difficulty in writing. In any danger it is comparatively easy to be brave and lively when one is dry, warm, and at all well fed. But when soaked to the skin in frosty weather, and having had no food for fifteen hours, while the ropes to pull on are like bars of ice, the spirit must be gallant which forces its body around, and so I say, all honour to some of our sailors who weren't found wanting on that wild morning. Poor fellows—such a miserable house they had, bare iron walls with the ice an inch thick on them, the deck above them leaking, a steady wash of water across the floor, and everything,



everything in the way of clothing, as damp as though it had been first wrung out after a wash; and all of us afflicted more or less by cramp, boils, etc.; truly we had a miserable fortnight of it, the men and boys especially so, owing to the condition of their berths."

Just as I was copying these

extracts two weeks ago last Thursday, a barque in tow passed my window. I took up my glass to read its name, and, to my astonishment, it was the *Firth of Stronsa*, the ship from which Mr. Kirkwood was lost, outward bound once more for New South Wales.—*Ed. M. W.*



Neither of these lads is going to Church to-morrow. They both have a touch of Influenza, "and Influenza is such a horrible trouble that one really can't be too careful; and, you know, the Bible itself says, 'Mercy before sacrifice.'"

HENRY MERRITT, a well-known art critic, was born in the most miserable circumstances. The first awakening of his faculty came in this way. When he was in his eleventh year, meanly clothed, poorly-fed, an errand-boy getting 1/6 a week, he discovered a garden, peeping with a boy's curiosity through the keyhole in the tall wooden gate. "I looked through the keyhole every time I passed, and that was four times daily, and always with increased interest, for what I now think was a flowering aconite. But oh! trouble upon trouble, one day I found the keyhole stopped, and there was an end of my daily joy and of the interest which had awakened in me a new craving for the wonders of nature." A few days after, grubbing among the rubbish thrown out from this garden, he found a budding something which seemed to him to have "the promise and potency of life," though of what sort he knew not. He took it home and planted it in some earth that he scraped together. It shortly burst out—the first *crocus* he had ever seen. Years after, surrounded with beauty in his studio in London, he described how "one sunny silent Sabbath morning this crocus opened its golden glowing sacramental cup,

*Aconite*  
(deadly poison).



gleaming like light from heaven, dropped in a dark place, living light and fire."

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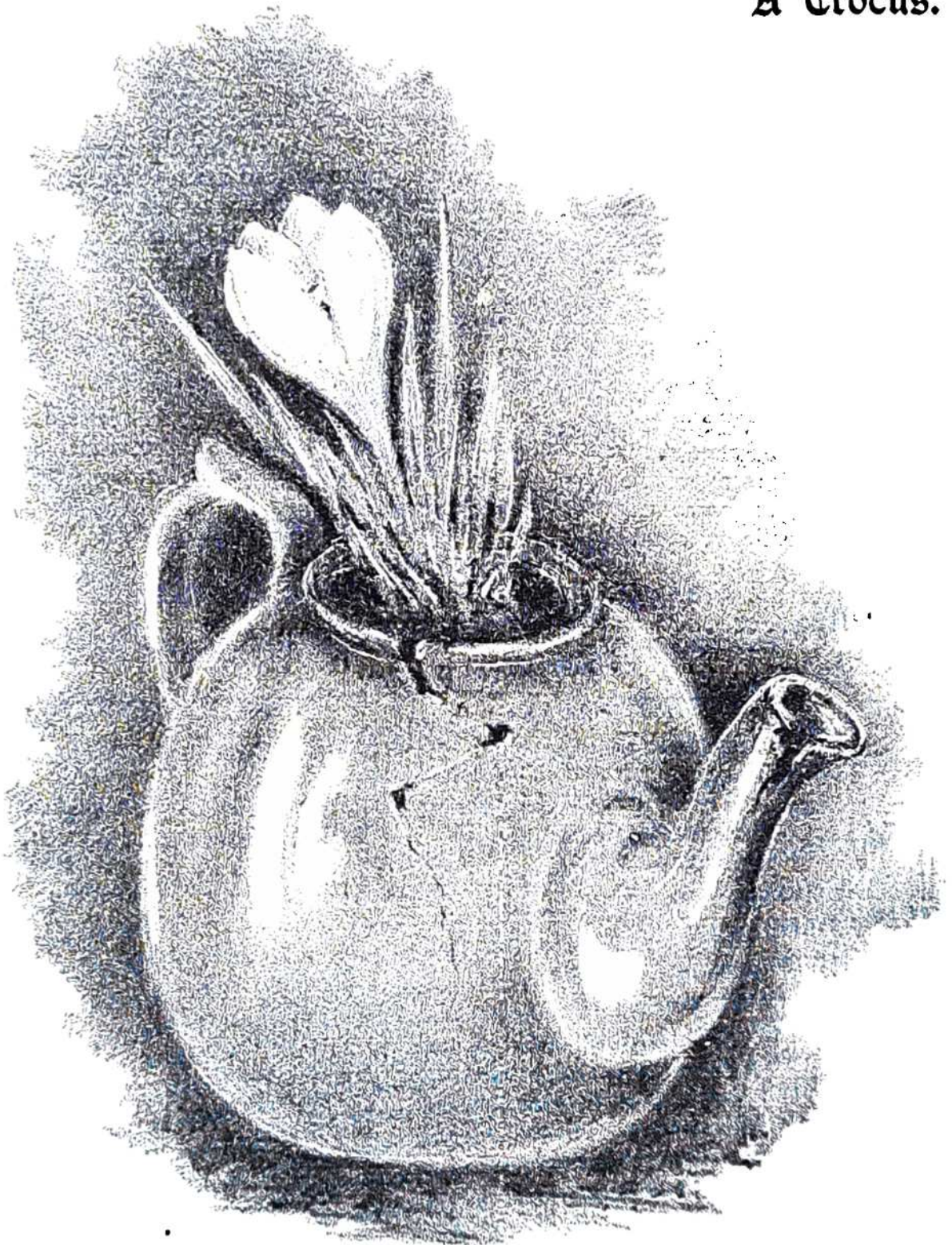
*And Boaz said unto his servants, The Lord be with you, and they answered him, The Lord bless thee. Ruth 2, 4.*

VISCOUNT GOSCHEN tells a story in his *Life of his Grandfather*, a Publisher and Printer in Leipsic, which shows how a master and his men ought to love one another.

A great Fair was at hand, and there seemed no prospect of keeping time with a book, to the issue of which the publisher was pledged. The men planned to work secretly



## A Crocus.



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through three consecutive nights, so that their dear master should be able to keep his word. When the book was ready, it was presented to

him by the men, "and all had tears in their eyes when they saw his happy emotion."

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- 1 **S** The people pressed upon Him to hear the word of God.—*Luke 5, 1.*  
 2 **M** The word of the Lord was precious in those days.—*1 Sam. 3, 1.*  
 3 **TU** Is there any word from the Lord?  
 4 **W** And Jeremiah said, There is.—*Jer. 37, 17.*  
 5 **TH** A famine of hearing the words of the Lord.—*Amos 8, 12.*  
 6 **F** How sweet are Thy words unto my taste!—*Psa. 119, 103.*  
 7 **S** I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food.—*Job 23, 12.* Thomas Newman, apprentice linen-draper, fearing that James would take the Scriptures from Protestants when he became king in 1685, wrote out the whole Bible in shorthand, sitting up two nights a week for six months. The book is now in the Doctor Williams Library, London.
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- 8 **S** The Lamb is King of Kings.—*Rev. 17, 14.*  
 9 **M** The only Potentate.—*1 Tim. 6, 15.* As the wife of Theodore, king of Abyssinia, sat reading the Psalms one day, she refused, contrary to etiquette, to rise when he entered her apartment, saying, "I am communing with a greater king than thou."  
 10 **TU** Even yon Sinai trembled at the presence of God.—*Psa. 68, 8 (R. V.).*  
 11 **W** Fear ye not Me? saith the Lord.—*Jer. 5, 22.*  
 12 **TH** The great and dreadful God.—*Dan. 9, 4.*  
 13 **F** He hath sent redemption unto His people;  
 14 **S** Holy and reverend is His Name.—*Psa. 111, 9.*
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- 15 **S** Mine eyes fail while I wait for my God.—*Psa. 69, 3.*  
 16 **M** O Thou my succour, haste Thee to help me.—*Psa. 22, 19.*  
 17 **TU** Awake, why sleepest Thou, O Lord?—*Psa. 44, 23.*  
 18 **W** O Lord, make no tarrying.—*Psa. 70, 5.* In Thibet letters have often to be thrown across gorges. To urgent ones an eagle's feather is attached.  
 19 **TH** Then the Lord awaked as one out of sleep.—*Psa. 78, 65.*  
 20 **F** Yea; I come quickly.—*Rev. 22, 20 (R. V.).*  
 21 **S** The Master is here.—*John 11, 28 (R. V.).*
- 
- 22 **S** The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.—*1 Cor. 3, 19.*  
 23 **M** Thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels.—*Isaiah 47, 13.*  
 24 **TU** The multitude of words.—*Prov. 10, 19.* "I hear that the King held a council for three hours to-day; what has passed?" said some one to Talleyrand. "Three hours," was the answer.  
 25 **W** They waited not for His counsel.—*Psa. 106, 13.*  
 26 **TH** Thou hast holden my right hand.—*Psa. 73, 23 (R. V.).*  
 27 **F** Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.  
 28 **S** Lead me in a plain path.—*Psa. 27, 11.*
- 
- 29 **S** They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind.—*Hosea 8, 7.*  
 30 **M** The beginning of the words of a fool's mouth is foolishness;  
 31 **TU** And the end of his talk is mischievous madness.—*Eccles. 10, 13.* "If you keep a monkey, you must pay for the glasses it breaks."—*Old Saying.*
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April, 1903.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVI.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

No. 4.



**Drowsydale Town.**

*For so He giveth His beloved sleep.—Psalm 127, 2.*

"The Morning Watch" for 1902, Vol. XV., is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

Vol. XIV., for 1901, may still be had.

All the other Volumes are out of print.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.

Messrs. James M'Kelvie & Sons will give full price for old Volumes of "The Morning Watch" in good condition.

## Drowsydale Town.

For all the day long there were two little feet  
That trotted round garden and meadow and street,  
But as night's shadows darken they follow the road  
To Drowsydale Town in the Dreamland of Nod.

For all the day long from the earliest morn  
His burden how many a toiler has borne!  
But at even the weary one casts down his load  
At Drowsydale Town in the Dreamland of Nod.

For weariful hands and for weariful feet  
There is rest there from labour in slumber so sweet;  
All praise then and thanks let us render to God  
For Drowsydale Town in the Dreamland of Nod.

*Rev. R. Riach Thom.*

*January, 1903.*

## What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

**A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCLES. 7, 1.**

*(Continued from page 28.)*

What  
is thy  
name?

Jane.

John Conington, 1825-1869, one of the greatest of English classical scholars, knew his letters when he was fourteen months old, read for his own amusement when he was three-and-half, and used to sleep with the Bible under his pillow that he might read it as soon as he awoke in the morning. Before he was eight he repeated a thousand lines of Virgil to his father. His mother's name was JANE, and to her he was greatly devoted. When he was Professor of Latin at Oxford he never stayed a day there, away from her, longer than he could help. He used to call himself her guardian angel. When he died she was left alone, a widow, blind, and past eighty.

JAMES NASMYTH, the inventor of the steam-hammer, had six brothers and four sisters. His sister JANE, the eldest of the family, was a great help to her mother in bringing the rest up. She was a girl of such strong judgment and good common sense that they jokingly nicknamed her "Old Solid."



What  
is thy  
name?

Jane.

JANE ELLIOT, 1727-1805, daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart., Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, was challenged by her brother one night, in 1756, as they were driving home, to write a ballad on the Battle of Flodden, about which they had been talking. The rest of the journey was spent in silence. At the end of it she recited the rough draft of the only song she ever wrote, *The Flowers of the Forest*:

I've heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,  
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;  
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—  
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

She is said to have been the last lady in Edinburgh who regularly used her own sedan-chair.

There is another song with the same name, beginning—

I've seen the smiling  
Of fortune beguiling—

which was written by Mrs. Patrick Cockburn, 1713-1795, after a number of families in Selkirkshire had been ruined by one of those terrible business failures which have so often in Scotland "wrought more ruin than many a pitched battle."

A poor woman named JANET, who lived in a close off the Gallowgate in Glasgow, said to Dr. Chalmers, after hearing one of his great *Astronomical Discourses*, "I canna say I understood ye a'thegither, but, eh sir! there was something unco suitable and satisfying in your Psalms."

JANET BOTHWELL was the maiden name of the mother of John Napier of Merchiston, 1550-1617, a stout Calvinist and sturdy Protestant, but best known as the inventor of *Logarithms*. His book on that subject was the first great scientific work published in Britain. He was the only man of his time in our country who can be ranked with Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and Galileo. (Remember that the accent in the last word is on the *e*, not on the *i*.) I wish I could explain to you what Logarithms are! Some of you, I hope, will know all about them in a few years. It is enough in the meantime to say that it is a kind of arithmetic by means of which the most complicated problems in astronomy and navigation, and in the sciences related to them, can be solved with ease and certainty. They are so to speak a kind of mathematical Nasmyth's hammer for doing in five minutes sums that would otherwise take five hours, or, for aught I know, five days or five years!

It was Napier also who first saw the advantage of using the *point* in decimal fractions, and if that makes any of you angry at him and his mother, let me tell you that but for that invention the sums you have to do at night for school would have had to be done in a way ten times more difficult.

JEAN PROCTOR, servant to *The Little Minister*, was so willing that when the bell rang she answered it in a rush and jump. She was "always running," and only once, all the time she was in service,

What  
is thy  
name?

Jean.

was she seen "doing nothing," and that was on a night of great sorrow. It was her grèat ambition to be everything she thought her master would like a woman to be. In honour of him "she began her Bible afresh when he came to Thrums, going through it, a chapter a night, sighing, perhaps, on washing days at a long chapter, such as Exodus twelfth, but never making two of it." When she was married her first baby was born with no chin to speak of. She was a woman who loved people with strong "features," and the neighbours expected this to bring her to the dust, but it only showed what a mother can do. She devoted herself to the subject night and day, "and in a few months that child had a chin with the best of them."





## Children that have Something still to Learn.

### FIFTH SERIES.

No. 4.—*Children that eat sweetmeats in church.*

WHEN Queen Victoria came to visit Wellington College in Berkshire, founded for the sons of army officers in memory of the great Duke, she laughed when she was told by Dr. Benson, the headmaster, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, that a confectioner's shop near by was a necessity. Such a thing seemed to her to be an odd adjunct to a school whose proud motto was, *Heroum Filii, Heroes' Sons*.

Does it not seem a still queerer adjunct to the house of God? Is it not pitiful that to many, both young and old, sweetmeats seem to be the only thing that can make the Sabbath and the Sanctuary—not a delight—but even tolerable?

Look at that girl and see how unlady-like she looks with a *ball* in her mouth!

But, if you *will* eat sweetmeats in church, remember these 4 things:

1. You are not to buy them on the Sabbath day even in a druggist's shop. I remember seeing long ago on the door-plate of a good firm of chemists in Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, *Murdoch Brothers*, the words—"Open on Sabbath *for the sale of Medicines only*."

2. Don't let people see, or hear, or know by their sense of smell, that you are eating them. When you eat peppermints in church, for example, it is known at once that you don't belong to the higher orders of the nobility.

3. Don't let them fall on the floor.

And 4. None are to eat them in any case but babies and old people. That is to say, you are not to be enrolled in the number of those who may eat them in church, over *three*, or under *three-score* years old.

And if anyone is old enough to remember that I ate them myself when I was a boy, when any good body in the seat behind was kind enough to hand me one, my answer to that is, that "I didn't know any better then," not having had the privilege of reading this article in those far-off days!

## Gean or Wild Cherry Blossom.

GEAN, *guigne*, is one of the many French words that we use in Scotland. It carries us back nearly 400 years to the days when there was much coming and going between these two countries. We used to play a game of skill with the stones of geans in Haddington when we were boys. Four stones were called a "caddle of pips." I presume *caddle* had to do with *quatre*. We took one, or two, or three caddles in the hand and threw them all at once at a hole in the ground. The boy who threw most pips in claimed the whole cast. I wonder if that game is played now, or if it ever was played anywhere else.

The word *Cherry* carries us further away both in time and space. For it comes from *Cerasus* in Pontus, the region in Asia Minor on the shore of the Black Sea, from which



Aquila and Priscilla came. The tree was brought to Italy in the year 70 B.C. by Lucullus, a Roman general, famous for the banquets to which he treated both his guests and himself. Cicero and Pompey once insisted on taking "pot-luck" with him. "All right," he said, and then turning to his servant, added, "I shall dine in the Apollo Room to-night." That night's dinner cost £1700.

One evening his servant, knowing no guest was coming, prepared but a moderate meal. "What!" said his master, "did you not know that to-night LUCULLUS SUPS WITH LUCULLUS?"

'That is the kind of man he was to whom we owe our cherry-trees. Have you ever thought how many good things we owe to bad men? "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee."





would need to be 12,000 feet or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles long, and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  broad, and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  —

"Stop, please," she said, laughing and blushing, "I see it now—not another word, PLEASE!"

If you were to watch passengers embarking at Greenock on an *Anchor* or *Allan Line* steamer for the United States or Canada—and it is an interesting and solemn sight—you would see on each trunk either the word WANTED, or, NOT WANTED. That means that some of the trunks will be needed during the voyage, for a change of clothes, perhaps, and as it would never do to take much luggage into one's cabin, for it might dance about in rough weather, the trunks marked WANTED are placed more conveniently in the baggage room and brought up on deck on certain fixed days. The trunks "not wanted on the voyage" are never seen again till the passenger leaves the ship.

Many of us go through life like inexperienced travellers, carrying far too much with us, and the trouble with us is how to get rid of things we have no use for. Mr. Sankey, the American Singer-Evangelist, told me once, long long ago on his first visit to Scotland, that he was much troubled with presents of useless books that well-meaning people sent to him. He used, for a time, to leave them wherever he stayed, but then people, thinking he had forgotten them, sent them after him, and that caused both them and him much trouble and expense. "So now," he said, "when I leave a book behind me, I write at

the beginning, 'Don't want this book, IRA D. SANKEY.'"

Many of the difficulties and anxieties we now load ourselves with will not be needed till we are twenty or thirty years farther on in the voyage of life, if we are spared. Many others, such as questions about God's decrees, we should dismiss from sight and mind altogether till we reach the haven where we desire to be. And perhaps most of the things we pack up and undo and repack so often should be carried up on deck at once and heaved overboard!

I hope it may be said of some of us, and of myself as well, that after we wrote and read these words, "the next day they lightened the ship."



### The Rev. Clement Cruttwell.

*Every scribe who hath been made a disciple to the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old — Matt. 13, 32 (R.V.)*

I WISH to introduce you to the Rev. Clement Cruttwell, whose book *A Concordance of Parallels, Selected from Bibles and Commentaries*, is such a curious looking one that a young man, to whom I showed it the other day, burst out laughing on his first glance at it, and said, "Oh the Blockhead!"

You all know what is meant by a *Bible with References*. References are texts in other parts of the Bible which explain or illustrate the verse or chapter which you are reading, and they are printed sometimes between the columns of the Bible



in the middle of the page, sometimes at the side, and sometimes at the foot. School Bibles, as a rule, have no references, but the great big Family Bibles, of which your fathers and mothers are so proud, that lie on the top of the "drawers," almost all have them.

Some Sabbath evening, for example, you are all sitting round the fire, with the cat as usual in the best place. You have repeated two or three questions of the Catechism to your father, and he has explained them to you and shown you how much there is in them that you never noticed about the goodness and love of God. You have also said two verses of a Psalm, or one verse if you are not very clever; and you have gone over what you remember of the two sermons you heard in church, and your father has explained some things you didn't quite understand. You have also, I hope, done a lot of singing, your father at the *bass* away down, and your mother at the *air*, and your two sisters at the *alto*, and your big brother that is so strong away high up at the *tenor*. Then your parents have told you some fine stories, some of them very sad, and some very delightful, about people whom they knew and loved long long ago. And then you have had worship, and have read verse about, say, the 11th chapter of Hebrews, "in which every verse is a hero's monument." But it still wants a whole hour to bedtime, and you would like to hear more about Gideon who is just mentioned in the 32nd verse. Get the little stool

—perhaps you had better take a chair—and lift the Family Bible down, and opposite that verse you will see the words, Judges vi., vii. That is the place where you will find the story.

Of course, if you had been a little older you could easily have found that out for yourself. But some night, perhaps, after your father has pointed out to you the constellations of *The Plough* and *Orion*, you wish to find out all that God says about the stars. The French fishermen used to say when they set sail, "Help us, O God, for the sea is so big and our boats are so small," so the Bible is a big book, and we know so little of it and forget so much. It is then you find out the advantage of a Bible *with references*.

Mr. Cruttwell has been standing waiting all this time, but quite patiently, for he knows I haven't forgotten him.

The curious thing about his book, first of all, is this: he doesn't print any of the words of the Bible, but just begins all at once—GENESIS, Chap. I., Verse 1, and then he gives the references, so that you need to keep an open Bible beside you, to tell you what verse 1 says, and then, in time, what verse 2 says, and so on. The whole book, therefore, is just one mass of figures, without a single word in it except the name of each book, as it comes on in turn, Exodus, Leviticus, etc. And that is why the young man laughed and continued laughing for nearly a minute at it. He had never seen a book with nothing in it but figures before, and he had seen many books,

*Euclids*, and *Algebras*, and *Interest Tables*, and I don't know all what.

Mr. Cruttwell's book, further, is a very big one, a quarto, of 531 pages, and it is so big because the references he gives are so many. John Brown of Haddington in his *Self-Interpreting Bible*—that is, a Bible which *interprets itself* chiefly by its references—gives 8 texts opposite the first verse in Genesis, but Mr. Cruttwell gives 153, and all of them great, worth counting, and worth keeping, like the fishes—"an hundred and fifty and three"—that Peter drew to land. The passages he quotes on that one text would, if printed small, fill a column of the *Morning Watch*. In the whole book, I calculate, there are over 558,000 different references, and over 1,760,000 separate figures.

But that is not all. Many of these references he found out himself, but the most of them, he tells us, were collected from "Bibles and Commentaries which had been published in Hebrew, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, English, and other languages." He gives a list of 51 such books from which he quotes in the Old Testament, and 60 in the New. Besides all that, every text he gives has a mark which shows from which writer he took it. On that first verse of Genesis he quotes from four-and-twenty authors, and that represents not only so much seeking and finding, but even more seeking and *not* finding. Many of the References, he says in his Preface, he himself considered "in a great measure imaginary," and he felt inclined to reject them, but he

hardly liked to set himself against "so many great and learned men." You see he did not simply copy them; he verified them, and examined them.

The book took him five years to write and print, 1785-1790. It was printed in his own house, at his own expense, and broke his health for a time, and little wonder. He lived to publish several other books, and died in 1808, aged 65. He was originally a surgeon in Bath, but afterwards became a minister in the Church of England.

I do not think his *Concordance of Parallels* can have been commercially a success. The copy I have—kindly lent to me by a Greenock gentleman—is the only one I have ever seen or heard of, and, oddly enough, bears on its first page the signature of my predecessor's predecessor's predecessor in the ministry in this place! But commercially successfully or not, Mr. Cruttwell was no Blockhead! and we must not say, Wherefore was this waste? I am convinced he must have loved God much, and what he did deserves to be told for a memorial of him. I hope you will all meet him some day, and it will add both to his joy and yours, when you salute Clement, to tell him, smiling, that you had heard on earth, before you came to heaven, something about him and his big Concordance, and the "laboriousness of his love," and I hope the young man, too, of whom I spoke, will say, also smiling, "And do you know what I, in my haste, once called you?"





*The man who has hired all these "sandwich-men," for six days running, has not been going to church lately, because, he says, "he has an intense dislike to the inaccurate and rhetorical and exaggerated way that many ministers have of speaking in the pulpit, and he is perfectly tired of it; and the way they have of repeating themselves day after day is positively sickening."*

|    |    |  |
|----|----|--|
| 1  | W  | Whom shall I send? Here am I; send me.— <i>Is. 6, 8.</i>   |
| 2  | TH | He made me a polished shaft.— <i>Is. 49, 2.</i>  |
| 3  | F  | I come to thee in the name of the Lord.— <i>1 Sam. 17, 45.</i>   |
| 4  | S  | God hath bent His bow.— <i>Ps. 7, 12.</i> “I told Prince Bismarck that I had always regarded myself as his little archer, who at his call would shoot my bolt at the sun himself.”— <i>Bismarck's Secretary, Dr. Busch.</i>  |
| 5  | S  | God is in the generation of the righteous.— <i>Ps. 14, 5.</i>  |
| 6  | M  | He loved thy fathers.— <i>Deut. 4, 37.</i>   |
| 7  | TU | I am the son of Thine handmaid.— <i>Ps. 116, 16.</i>   |
| 8  | W  | House and riches are an inheritance from fathers :   |
| 9  | TH | But a prudent wife is from the Lord.— <i>Prov. 19, 14 (R. V.).</i>   |
| 10 | F  | Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord.— <i>Ps. 127, 3.</i>  |
| 11 | S  | If thou do His commandments, thou shalt lend, and thou shalt not borrow.— <i>Deut. 28, 12.</i> It was said of a Scotch family named Innes that for eighteen generation (1) none of them married an ill wife, (2) every one of them had a son, and (3) no man ever suffered for their debt.   |
| 12 | S  | He shall choose our inheritance for us.— <i>Ps. 47, 4.</i>   |
| 13 | M  | Turn Thee unto me; for I am desolate.— <i>Ps. 25, 16.</i>  |
| 14 | TU | A Father of the fatherless, a Judge of the widows, is God.— <i>Ps. 68, 5.</i>  |
| 15 | W  | I am as a sparrow alone upon the house top.— <i>Ps. 102, 7.</i>  |
| 16 | TH | To them that keep My Sabbath, and choose the things that please Me, will I give a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters.— <i>Is. 56, 5.</i> “The loss of my son leaves me without any expectation so far as this world is concerned. . . . I have felt at times sad that God allows me no memorial in the coming age, but I would feel that spiritual children are better than sons and daughters.”— <i>Albert Hopkins, 1825-1872, Professor of Astronomy, Williams College, Mass., U.S.A. His son fell in battle.</i> |
| 17 | F  | Answer me, for I am poor and needy.— <i>Ps. 86, 1.</i>   |
| 18 | S  | Thou shalt have no inheritance: I am thine inheritance.— <i>Num. 18, 20.</i>   |
| 19 | S  | Grievous times shall come. Men shall be lovers of self,  |
| 20 | M  | Lovers of money,   |
| 21 | TU | Boastful,  |
| 22 | W  | Haughty,   |
| 23 | TH | Railers  |
| 24 | F  | Disobedient to parents,  |
| 25 | S  | Unthankful.— <i>2 Tim. 3, 1 (R. V.).</i> “One reason people are not grateful is that they are proud of themselves, and they never feel they get half of what they deserve.”  |
| 26 | S  | For the sake of the Name.— <i>3 John, 7 (R. V.).</i>   |
| 27 | M  | The Name which is above every name.— <i>Phil. 2, 9.</i>  |
| 28 | TU | His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins.— <i>Matt. 1, 21.</i>   |
| 29 | W  | The name of the Lord is a strong tower.— <i>Prov. 18, 10.</i>  |
| 30 | TH | I will trust in the covert of Thy wings.— <i>Ps. 61, 4.</i> “Lord, I hope Thou wilt not let me perish and the name of Thy sweet Son Jesus Christ in my mouth; and that name shall not go out of my mouth so long as I have breath.”— <i>Last words of William Carmichael of Kilmorye, gentleman turned robber, hanged at Douglas about 1650.</i>   |



May, 1903.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 5.



*The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.*

—Rom. 8, 22.

*"The Morning Watch" for 1902, Vol. XV., is now ready. Price, One Shilling.*

*Vol. XIV., for 1901, may still be had.*

*All the other Volumes are out of print.*

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.*

*Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.*

*Messrs. James M'Kelvie & Sons will give full price for old Volumes of "The Morning Watch" in good condition.*

*A new earth.—Rev. 21, 1.*

**W**HAT a wonderful world it will be when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them! In those days mice and cats will play at hide-and-seek, and when people say "Rats!", dogs will be glad in a new kind of way. Beasts and birds will be as fond of us as of one another. When little girls play at skipping, birds will hop on and off the rope. Perhaps tumbling pigeons will utilise their powers and ca' the ropes for them, or will that be crows' work? Dogs will call punctually for orders and feel grieved if we give them nothing to carry. Horses will insist on taking us on their backs, and suiting their paces to our wishes. Lions will come in and out of our bedrooms through the open doors or windows all night long and lie lightly at our bed's foot, and babies will get real tigers on their birthdays from their fond uncles, and there will be no child without many uncles. Everybody and everything will be happy in those great days,

for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

How clever foxes are already we all know from Æsop's Fables. What enlargement of mind they shall have then, who can tell? And their scent, through some new chemic labour of their blood, will become an oriental fragrancy. How bad it is at present I well know. For many years ago in Fifeshire, where they say the man who would shoot a fox is capable of shooting his own grandfather, I carried a fox for six long hours, concealing it like the famous Spartan boy—only his was a living one!—to save the reputation of an Irish gentleman—and specially of his host and mine—who had mistaken, for the fraction of a second, a fox in an outlying patch of heavy turnips for a big brown hare! Oh, memorable, miserable day! and oh, miserable, moonlight night as we drove home hoping that no foxhound by any chance should be having an evening constitutional! and how our hearts came into our mouths when the young lady who was our companion, after much endurance, told us at last that ever since she had stepped into the phaeton, a strange sense of oppression had come over her! and how it was a relief to her, and yet really no relief, when we told her—for we knew she could be trusted—that there was a vulpicide sitting beside her and we were carrying his victim home in a bag to bury it!



**What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.****A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECC. 7, 1.***(Continued from page 40.)*What  
is thy  
name?

Jane.

LADY JANE FRANKLIN, 1797-1875, fitted out five ships, between the years 1850 and 1857, almost entirely at her own expense, to go in search of her husband, Sir John, who had sailed in 1845 in command of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with 134 men, to discover the North West passage. It was the last of the five ships, the *Fox*, Captain Sir Leopold M'Clintock, who happily still survives, that brought back the tidings of the loss of both ships and all their crews. Sir John Franklin's monument in Westminster Abbey with the inscription written by Tennyson, his nephew by marriage, was provided by Lady Franklin, and unveiled two weeks after her own death. At the foot of it Dean Stanley added this note: "Erected by his Widow, who after long waiting, and sending many in search of him, herself departed to seek and find him in the realms of light, 18th July, 1875, aged 83 years."

Izaak Walton's account of George Herbert's marriage is a memorable piece in English literature.

"Mr. Danvers of Bainton having known him long, and familiarly, did so much affect him, that he often and publicly declared a desire that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters, for he had so many, but rather his daughter JANE than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter. And he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert himself; and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing: and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a platonic as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen."

Meantime, however, Mr. Danvers died. "Yet some friends to both parties procured their meeting; at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city; and love having got such possession, governed, and made there such laws and resolutions, as neither party was able to resist: insomuch that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview.

"This haste might in others be thought a love-frenzy, or worse; but it was not, for they had wooed so like princes, as to have select proxies; such as were true friends to both parties, such as well understood Mr. Herbert's and her temper of mind, and also their estates, so well before this interview, that the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence: and the more, because it proved so happy to both parties; for the Eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance; indeed, so happy, that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and

What  
is thy  
name?

Jane.

continued in them, such a mutual love, and joy, and content, as was no way defective ; yet this mutual content, and love, and joy, did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls, as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it."

George Herbert died in 1633, only three years after his marriage. Six years "she continued mourning till time and conversation had so moderated her sorrows that she became the happy wife of Sir Robert Cook of Highnam, in the county of Gloucester, Knight. And though he put a high value on the excellent accomplishments of her mind and body, and was so like Mr. Herbert as not to govern like a master, but as an affectionate husband ; yet she would even to him often take occasion to mention the name of Mr. George Herbert, and say, 'that name must live in her memory till she put off mortality.'"

Janet.

After the death of her husband Mr. James Lawson in 1584, "guid sweet godlie" JANET GUTHRIE, as James Melville calls her, "lived as a true widow in fasting, prayer, meditation, and exercise of the works of mercy and love, instructing the ignorant, sweetly admonishing the offenders, comforting the afflicted, visiting the sick and diseased in body or mind, and persevering in prayer with them unto the end ; so that her refreshings and pastime was to take pains in these exercises. Thus she lived in Edinburgh a remarkable mirror of godly widowhood, and died with as great moan and missing of the godly in all degrees, especially the poor, as any woman that I ever knew."

*And God said, Let the dry land appear ; and it was so. And God saw that it was good.—Gen. 1, 10.*

Gentle gales,

Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
Nature's perfumes, and whisper whence  
they stole

Their balmy spoils.

"**M**ARCH 28, 1895. We sighted the coast of Africa this morning, about 50 miles off on our star-board beam, said to be South Natal. . . . 29th. Wind came from N.W. to-day, and by 4 o'clock it was blowing a gale, so that we are under topsails and foresail. . . . I was up loosening the mizzen top-gallant-sail this morning and the fine fresh smell of seaweed from the land, which is now about 60 miles distant, was delicious. I

sat up there for a while drawing in long breaths for all I was worth. I tell you *it was grand*, and the fellow who was up the foremast said he did the same."—*Mr. W. Kirkwood's Diary, Ship Hiddekel, Calcutta to New York.*



*But for the sake of his oaths, and of them which sat at meat with him.—Matt. 14, 9, R. V.*

**I**N 1869 a farmer who lived near Eye, in Suffolk, after reaping five acres of wheat, stacked it, and vowed that it should not be thrashed as long as wheat was under forty shillings a coomb—a coomb being four bushels. And for thirty-four years he kept his word, preferring, like Herod, to break God's law



rather than his own rash vow. For thirty-four years those stacks of grain stood up, unused, refusing to make obeisance, an affront to God Who gave them for man's food, and a proclamation to every passer-by of their owner's pride and obstinacy.

That farmer died six weeks ago, and one or two days afterwards his executors sold what little was left of

the wheat amongst the bundles of decayed straw, for *twenty* shillings the coomb. Some of the man's acquaintance made two wreaths—corruptible crowns indeed!—out of the remnant that was saved, and laid them on his grave. Doubtless, like the man himself, they said, "He died game!" but God said unto him, "Thou fool!"



*Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labour, until the evening.*

*—Ps. 104, 23.*





*This woman, who is looking if the showers have brought up any of her annuals, has not gone to church for three Sabbaths because her umbrella is broken.*

*N.B.—The distance from her front door step to the church porch is exactly 36 yards.*

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*It was the preparation, that is, the day before the Sabbath.—Mark 15, 42.*

*It was the Preparation.—Revised Version.*

**A** COPY of the *ASTER*, or *Star* a newspaper published in Athens, sent to me the other day—I am debtor to a Greek gentleman in London for it—bears this date:

Παρασκευή 28 Φεβρουαρίου, 1903,  
(*Paraskeue Phcbrouariou*), that is, Friday, 28 February.

The days of the week in Modern Greece are called

Κυριακή, *Kuriakē* (4 syllables).

Δευτέρα, *Deutēra*.

Τρίτη, *Tritē* (2 syllables).

Τετάρτη, *Tetarte*.

Πέμπτη, *Pempte* (2 syllables).

Παρασκευή, *Paraskeue*.

Σάββατον, *Sabbaton*.

*Kuriakē*, like *Dimanche*, *Domenica*, and *Domingo*, French, Italian, and Spanish for Sabbath—all from the Latin *Dominus*, *Lord*—means the *Lord's Day*. It comes from the Greek word *Kurios*, *Lord*, as does also our own word *Church*, which means *The House of the Lord*. The next four names mean respectively, *Second Day*, *Third Day*, *Fourth Day*, *Fifth Day*. The Quakers in our own country gave these days the same names because they disapproved of the words *Monday*, *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, *Thursday*, which as you know have all a heathen origin and meaning. The last name on the list, *Sabbaton*, is the Greek name for Saturday—here again like the Italian *Sabbato*—because Saturday, the last day of the week, was the Jewish Sabbath till the Resurrection of Christ, and still is observed as their Sabbath to this day by the Jews who reject Him.

*Paraskeue* means *Preparation*,

and was the regular name amongst those Jews in the time of our Lord who spoke Greek for *Friday*, the day before their Sabbath. That is the name it gets in Matt. 27, 62; Mark, 15, 42; Luke 23, 54; and John 19, 14, 31, 42. The Sabbath is the great day of the week, "the day God made," and if we are wise we will *prepare* for it before it comes. That is why the Fourth Commandment bids us *remember* it, before it comes, and after it has passed, as well as while it is with us.

God Himself prepared for it at the beginning by His six great days of work, and so must we prepare for it by being diligent in our calling during our six days of the week, bearing our own burdens, and helping others to bear theirs.

But what shall we say of the preparation He made from all eternity for the Christian Sabbath, the day on which He raised His Son from the dead in token of His acceptance of the finished work of our redemption! If we knew the joy with which God looks upon that day, if it were to us

Heaven once a week,  
The next world's gladness prepossessed  
in this,

we should not look forward to it with fear, nor say when it comes, *When will it be over?* And if our Sabbaths were to us "the out-courts of glory," we would love to go back on them in loving memory, "for I had gone with the multitude; I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy day."

The closing hours of every

Saturday should be filled with a solemn gladness. It is not good on that day to go to concerts or such games as unduly excite us. Be home early, or if you be out in the evening let it be with your father and mother, and, if possible, in the country, on the hill-top, or by the riverside, or among the green fields.

And when you grow up, if you are spared, and have houses of your own, do all your shopping early in the day that the shopkeeper and his message boys may bless thee, and may get home soon and not too tired, but able to keep the Sabbath holy.

And when you say your prayers on Saturday night, pray for all people who are forgetting the Sabbath and all that it means; and don't forget to pray for your minister that he may preach and pray and sing next day like one that has "seen the Lord."

### Children that have Something still to Learn.

#### FIFTH SERIES.

No. 5.—*Children that push past people.*

MRS. BELL in her book *The Minor Moralist* describes the way she lately saw a girl "gently born and anxiously brought up," come into a drawing room just as an elderly dowager was leaving it. To her amazement, she says, and she may well say it, the girl, instead of stepping back and allowing the older woman to pass her, pressed forward with all the impetus of her youthful vigour, so that the depart-

ing guest was fairly hurled back into the room, and had to wait to get out until the newcomer had pushed her way past her! This sort of thing, she adds, ought not to be possible. "And the responsibility for it lies entirely on the shoulders of the parents; for if the girl had been taught always to step back, and to yield the way to older people, she would have done so on that occasion also, gracefully, and as a matter of course."

Mr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, once reproved a student—I grieve to say he was a Glasgow University man—in this way: "Mr. —, it may be good sometimes to push, but it is *not good to let people see that you are pushing.*"

Keep in mind what our Lord said—and He was the King of glory—"Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart."

1. If you are a girl, always give way to women who are your superiors in age, or station, or character.

2. If you are a boy, give way similarly to your superiors amongst men, and remember, of course, to yield precedence to all women and girls, even though they are younger than you.

3. Always give way to people who are in ill-health, or who are suffering in any way, or who, like the blind, have any defect. Especially must you step out of the way of anyone who is carrying a heavy load. That was a good rule that Napoleon once gave to a lady—"Madam, respect the burden."

And lastly, 4. Make way for





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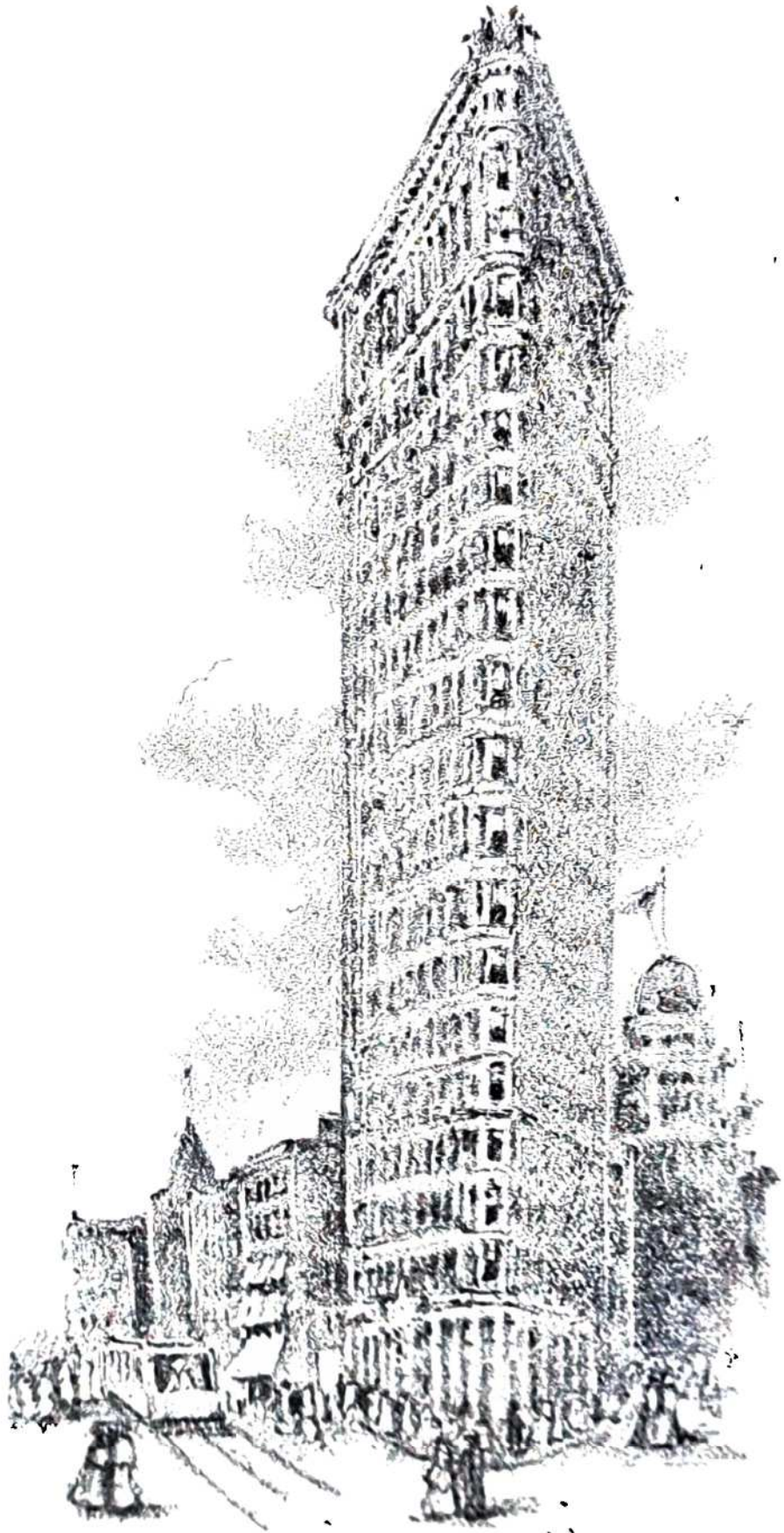
anyone who is manifestly in a hurry—the man, for example, who has to run for a train, because he found out at the last moment that his wife had consulted the wrong column in the time-table.



## The Flatiron, New York.

*Master, behold what  
manner of buildings!  
—Mark 13, 2 (R. V.).*

THERE used to be Seven Wonders of the World—the Pyramids, the Hanging Gardens at Babylon, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Statue of Jupiter at Athens, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, the Colossus at Rhodes, and the Pharos or Lighthouse of Alexandria. There are more than seven wonders now, and one of them is undoubtedly the building known from its shape as the *Flatiron* in New York. It is sharp in front, but in length it is 190 feet, and in breadth at the back 86, and it is twenty storeys, or 307 feet high. There is a block of buildings not very far away from it 75 feet higher, but the Flatiron looks so slender and so daring that the people of New





York are very proud of it, and they say it is the first thing they take a stranger to see. Ground in that city is so valuable and so scarce that the only thing left for them to do is to build as high as they can. The buildings are constructed chiefly of steel with stone facings.

When the first Atlantic Cable was laid, there was exhibited over a New York hall an illuminated device with these words—"They marvelled, and glorified God, which had given such power unto men.—Matt. 9, 8." From that day to this, wonders have never ceased, and till the end of time wonders never will.



*I hear that there be divisions among you, and I partly believe it.—1 Cor, II, 18.*

WE had a number of Lascars, that is native East Indian sailors, in our Infirmary some time ago, suffering from some mild form of fever. One of them was a great reader, and as he got better might be seen any hour of the day sitting up in bed, swaying from side to side as he chanted and droned away. Every two or three sentences he would give an artificial cough when he came to a hard word that puzzled him, as little children and untrained speakers, who are at a loss, do amongst ourselves. Human nature is the same everywhere. Whatever the colour of a man's skin, if you tickle him, does he not laugh? If he hesitate for a word, shall he not affect to clear his throat?

"What's that he is reading?" I said one day to one of the men who knew a little English. "Is it a book of prayers?" "No," was the

answer, "it is a book of battles, fights."

The world's history is written in men's blood. Have you ever tried to count the quarrels and contentions between individuals that are recorded in the Bible? It is indeed a book of wars and fightings, fightings between brothers, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, uncles and nephews, masters and servants, fathers and sons; dissensions among disciples, apostles, and even Christian women; quarrels in the field and in the camp, at the well's mouth and the family table, in the midst of plenty and in the hour of want, quarrels with strangers looking on, and quarrels in the very presence of the Lord.

I saw an old book of sermons the other day dated 1692, and sold by "Nathaniel Ranew at the King's Arms, St. Paul's Churchyard." At the end of the volume is a list of works published by him. One of them is a sermon on "The Best Match"—I hope you all know what that is, I hope you have all entered into it; it is the Match between the sinner and Christ; and another of the publications is "An Earnest and Compassionate Suit for Forbearance to the Learned Writers of some Controversies at present: *By a Melancholy Stander-by.*"

When you are about to fight, in nine cases out of ten, "Don't!", if not for your own sake, then for the sake of the Melancholy Stander by, to wit, our Lord and Saviour, and His holy angels, and all who love Him, and them, and you.

|    |    |  |
|----|----|--|
| 1  | F  | It is a good thing, O most High, to show forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning,— <i>Ps. 92, 2.</i>  |
| 2  | S  | And Thy faithfulness every night. "Whose month is ever May."   |
| 3  | S  | Freely ye have received.— <i>Matt. 10, 8.</i>  |
| 4  | M  | Freely give. "Amongst the crowd that gathered round our tents was a small boy whom his mother held by the hand. Some biscuits were given him, and he was told to divide them with the other boys and girls. The mother laughed loudly and said, with a curious pride in the saying, "He never gives."— <i>The Holy Land, by Rev. John Kelman, M.A.</i> |
| 5  | TU | God giveth to all men liberally,   |
| 6  | W  | And upbraideth not.— <i>James 1, 5.</i>  |
| 7  | TH | Thou openest Thine hand.— <i>Ps. 145, 16.</i>  |
| 8  | F  | The gifts of God are without repentance.— <i>Rom. 11, 29.</i>  |
| 9  | S  | Son, all that I have is thine.— <i>Luke 15, 31.</i>  |
| 10 | S  | Joshua said unto Achan, My son, give glory unto the Lord,  |
| 11 | M  | And make confession unto Him ;   |
| 12 | TU | And tell me now what thou hast done ;  |
| 13 | W  | Hide it not from me.— <i>Josh. 7, 19.</i>  |
| 14 | TH | The valley of Achor shall be a place for the herds to lie down in.— <i>Josh. 7, 26 ; Is. 65, 10.</i>   |
| 15 | F  | I will give her the valley of Achor for a door of hope.— <i>Hos. 2, 15.</i>  |
| 16 | S  | For the first heaven and the first earth are passed away.— <i>Rev. 21, 1 (R.V.).</i>   |
| 17 | S  | Confess your faults one to another.— <i>Jas. 5, 16.</i> After John Locke (1632-1704) the philosopher was a man, his father, an attorney, solemnly asked his pardon for having struck him once unjustly in a passion when he was a boy.   |
| 18 | M  | Joseph's brethren said, Joseph will peradventure hate us,  |
| 19 | TU | And will certainly requite us all the evil which we did unto him.  |
| 20 | W  | Forgive the trespass of thy brethren, and their sin.   |
| 21 | TH | And Joseph wept, and said, Fear not.   |
| 22 | F  | As for you, ye thought evil against me ;   |
| 23 | S  | But God meant it unto good.— <i>Gen. 50, 15.</i>   |
| 24 | S  | Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings,  |
| 25 | M  | And not one of them is forgotten before God ?  |
| 26 | TU | Ye are of more value than many sparrows.— <i>Luke 12, 6.</i> One of the innumerable instances of <i>humour</i> in the Bible.   |
| 27 | W  | Lord, what is the son of man that Thou makest account of him ?— <i>Ps. 144, 3.</i> "Fifteen pounds would give me a chance of recovery. Surely I am worth £15 ?"— <i>David Gray the poet, when dying: 1838-1861.</i>  |
| 28 | TH | Ye are bought with a price.— <i>1 Cor. 6, 20.</i>  |
| 29 | F  | I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee.— <i>Is. 43, 3.</i>  |
| 30 | S  | Purchased with His Own blood.— <i>Acts 20, 28 ; 1 Pet. 1, 18.</i>  |
| 31 | S  | Fear not ; thou art Mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.— <i>Is. 43, 1.</i> "God has love, and I have faith."— <i>David Gray's last words.</i>   |



June, 1903.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 6.

Davis.



'Summer is coming, summer is coming,  
I know it, I know it, I know it,  
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,  
Yes, my wild little Poet.—Tennyson's "The Throstle."

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### God's Rate of Interest.

*And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time.—Luke 18, 29.*

IF one were to put £10 in the Bank and get interest at the rate of 5 per cent—which is a wild supposition!—that would mean that at the end of the year one would get ten shillings of interest, ten shillings being the twentieth of ten pounds just as 5 is the twentieth part of 100. 5 per cent means one shilling for every pound;  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent means sixpence; and 3 per cent means sevenpence. It means a little more than sevenpence, but Banks think so little of farthings that belong to other people that they don't like to trouble them with them but simply keep them.

Two-and-a-half and three per cent are the most common rates now-a-days. There are many excellent people in the world who never even got four per cent, much less five. If you are rich or foolish, or as some would say, not knowing what they say, very lucky, you may get 6, or 7, or 8 per cent, or at least the promise

of it. If you are *very* rich, or have had a father who knew how to make and invest money—which is not necessarily the best kind of father—you may get thirteen or fourteen or fifteen per cent. If you are a millionaire and don't need it—though your son will probably need every penny of it—you may get 20, or 30, or 40 per cent. If you are a Jew, you may reach *cent per cent*, that is, a hundred per cent, every ten pounds bringing in other ten of interest. But what God offers is "*manifold more*," that is, *many* times cent per cent, many times as much again as you lend Him. That means at least forty, or sixty, or a hundred, for every ten you trust Him with. But even a hundred would be only ten fold, or 1000 per cent, whereas in Mark 10, 30, He promises a *hundred* fold, one thousand pounds for every ten you give Him, or, in other words, 10,000 per cent!

Big interest, as every body knows, means big risk. If a man or a Bank offers fifteen or twenty or even ten per cent, you may be sure there is something wrong; you will never see your money again. But if you were promised 1000 per cent, you would say there is something very far wrong indeed. The man who says he will give me £1000 if I lend him £10 surely doesn't need my £10. Either he does not know what he is saying, or else he is a multi-millionaire who wishes to have some excuse for sharing his money with me!

And isn't that the way with God? Only He not only gives us the



£10,000 of interest, but He gives us the £10 which He borrows, to begin with.

But does He really give us the hundred-fold? Yes, or else He gives us something even greater and better. If the millionaire were to say, "Which will you have? £10,000 down? or, to be my heir and my partner?" I don't think you would hesitate long. God will give you either the hundred-fold, or else keep it for you and lay it out at the same rate of interest, giving

you compound interest at the last, and in the meantime supplying all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. But after all, that is only the beginning of what he will do; "he shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; *and in the world to come eternal life.*"

"Prove yourselves therefore tried moneychangers" by "lending unto the Lord."

### What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCLES. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 52.)

What  
is thy  
name?

Janet.

When he was tutor in Penpont, Dumfriesshire, in 1696, Thomas Boston tells us in his *Autobiography*, he had the advantage of converse with JANET MACLANNIE, "an old, exercised, godly woman. She obliged me to take from her about half-a-dollar, which, as a token of that woman's christian love, I do to this day value more than gold. I bless the Lord Who gave me counsel then and afterwards to seek and value conversation with serious christians in places where my lot was cast."

"O how condescending is the Lord, to hear poor bodies' secrets; and He imparts His secrets to them again. . . . How carefully He hath provided for me and my fatherless children who had neither tilling nor sowing, nor cows' nor ewes' milk. As many wants as I had, He had as many outgates for me. So that I may say, the way to bring in providences is still to be observing providences, even from a drink of cold water to salvation. Yet many a time, when I looked for Him one way, He hath come another. When I looked for Him in the high way, He took the low way."—*Janet M'Ginnies, Dalry, 1716.*

Thomas Halyburton was professor of divinity in St. Andrews, where you may see his grave next Samuel Rutherford's. In his *Memoirs*, a fine book, published after his death, which you may get on any old bookstall for fourpence, he gives us a very solemn and yet, from some points of view, a very funny account of his marriage. Having been convinced that it was not good to be alone, his first great difficulty

What  
is thy  
name?

Janet.

was as to the way whereby he might know God's mind as to the person whom he was to choose. No prospect of outward advantages whatsoever, he wisely says, could have swayed him to make choice of one whom he thought void of the fear of God. But whether in his choice he should proceed upon the information of godly persons and concurrent providences justifying their testimony, or whether personal and particular acquaintance were not previously necessary—that was his strait. His first choice was a wrong one. The woman he pitched on wanted not several things which he disliked, but as she seemed the most suitable of any whom he had met, and appeared to be concerned about religion, he did proceed, as he says, too hastily. "I durst never absolutely pray for success, but had great freedom in pleading that the Lord would direct; and that if it were not for my spiritual advantage, it might be effectually crushed, and that my way might be hedged in." The gentlewoman, however, meantime clandestinely married another, and so solved Mr. Halyburton's difficulty.

In March, 1700, he being then in his twenty-sixth year, he fell in love again, with a Miss JANET WATSON, and this time truly and wisely, though at first, like not a few of the human race, he was confident to meet with a disappointment. But God kept him intent on observing providences. "After I had the greatest prospect of encouragement, I met with discouragements, and then encouragement when least expected." He was kept off means, that is, God kept him from unduly taking things in his own hand, kept low as to thoughts of himself, and kept in dependence on God as to the issue.

He made his proposal on the 13th December, but before doing so spent the forenoon of the day in prayer and self-examination. Then setting out "in all calmness and composure," at least so he thought he did, he found himself somewhat "peremptory, though under fears of a refusal." Groundless fears, happily! for this brave heart won his fair lady. The two of them, according to agreement, set apart the 17th January following for prayer for a blessing upon their wedding; on the 23rd they were married in Edinburgh, and lived happily ever afterwards, and no wonder.

Twelve, twenty, thirty years after this, some of you who read this page and find nothing in the least interesting in it, will be in the same position as Mr. Halyburton was on that great December morning. I hope, when that day comes, you will not forget to pray; and may God, if it be His holy will, give you Good Speed!

"Rabbi" John Duncan, the great theologian and Hebrew scholar, married in 1832 a MISS JANET TOWER of Aberdeen. He first met her when he was tutor to her nephew. Her family were much above his in social position, and it was not thought wonderful that she declined him when he first proposed marriage to her. "Well," said he to a friend nearly forty years afterwards, "I took my refusal. But two years after a mutual friend wrote to me in Glasgow, asking me if I had no thought now of Miss Tower, for when spoken to about me lately, she had said, 'Oh, I love John Duncan.' On this I proposed again, and was accepted." After his death there was



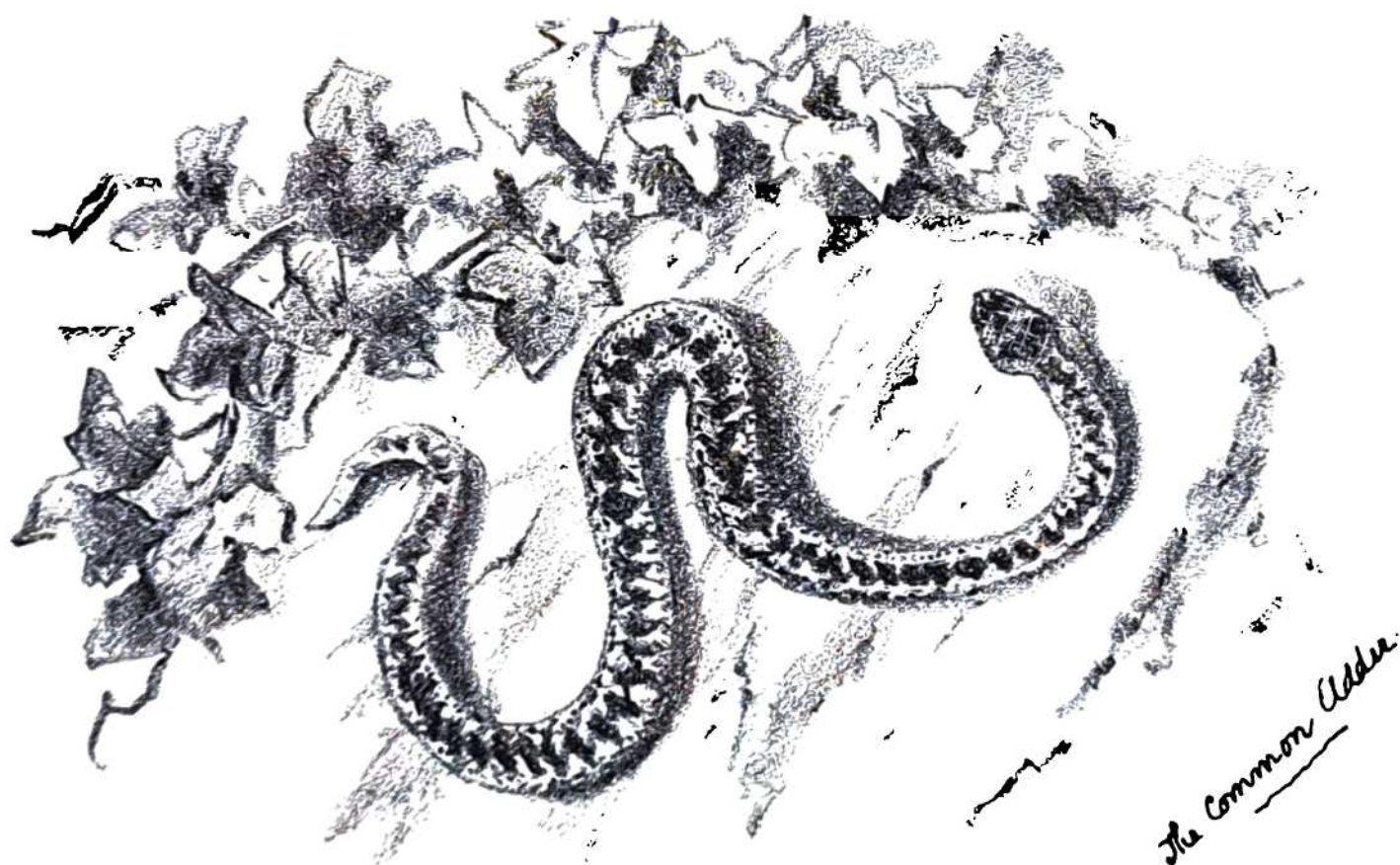
What  
is thy  
name?

Janet.

found, in a little silk bag in which he kept his most sacred papers, a covenant in Miss Tower's handwriting, dated April, 1829, Aberdeen, in which she consecrated herself to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in soul, body, and estate, for time and eternity. She was buried with her little baby in 1839, having caught cold while visiting some poor people on a wintry day.

When Patrick Simson, 1556-1618, minister of Stirling, was dying, JEAN BROWN, wife of Robert Forrest, craved a blessing from him to her children. "His eyes were dimmed and he saw not—his ear lasted longer—but he says, 'Let the bairns come to me, and I will bless them.' Then he said, 'My bairns, I baptized you in name of the Holy Trinity with water; the Lord's Spirit baptize you by His secret grace. It may possibly be ye be baptized with the baptism of affliction and martyrdom, as the bairns of Bethlehem. The Lord root you in the knowledge of God, and make you constant unto the end.'"

"27 Sept., 1655. I heard that the wife of Hugh Scott of Gallowhales (Galashiels), JEAN, eldest daughter of Sir James Hope Pringle, had ten graceless sons."—*Diary of Alexander Brodie of Brodie.*



*Dan shall be an adder in the path, that  
biteth the horse heels.—Gen. 49, 17.*

WHAT means that the Danites were  
tricky, shifty, underhand, not

straightforward or above-board in  
their dealings. It was a pitiable  
thing for a dying man to have to  
say to one of his sons, and it is

a curious thing to be called a "blessing." Yet there is no better blessing than a solemn warning. The kindest thing a man can do to us is to point out our sin in time, before it masters us. Am I the offspring of vipers? Is there aught of the old serpent in me? Then, by God's grace, I will tread upon the adder; and He Who rides upon the white horse, Who goes forth conquering and to conquer, will bruise its head.



### "Pretty Speckledy."

MISS MARY BOYLE was a lady of birth, best known as the friend of Tennyson and the writer of a little poem, "My Father's at the helm." In some sketches of her life written shortly before her death in 1890, she tells about a thrush, whose exquisite singing drew her mother and herself one day to a small, poor-looking, one-roomed cottage, inhabited by an old man and his wife. They stood and watched it for a time in its little wicker cage, listening to the bursts of melody it was pouring forth.

After a little hesitation the old couple agreed to sell the bird, Mrs. Boyle willingly paying twice the price they asked. Next morning she sent a servant to bring the bird home to her rooms in Hampton Court Palace. The cage was placed in a large and cheerful window in the drawing-room, but not a note, not a sound came from the melancholy bird. It drooped and hung its head as if moulting. They fed

it, coaxed it, whistled to it, but it remained silent, motionless, and moping.

Mrs. Boyle, feeling certain they had played a trick on her, sent for the old man after a few days' trial, to reproach him for palming off another bird upon her. The door opened, in came the old man, hat in hand, and Mrs. Boyle advanced to rebuke him. But before either could say a word, the bird leaped down from its perch, spread its wings, and broke into so triumphant a song of joy that the whole room seemed to vibrate with it.

"What! pretty Speckledy," said the man, approaching the cage, "you know me then, do you?" and the thrush kept flapping its wings, and moving from side to side, and dancing with joy.

There was no doubt about it, says Miss Boyle; it was the same bird that had charmed their ears in the lane at Molesey Bridge, but like the Hebrew captives, it could not sing its songs in a strange land.

"Take it back," said her mother, "I would not part such friends for all the world," and off together went that loving pair, Pretty Speckledy still in full song, which he continued all the way down the turret stairs.

When Sion's bondage God turned back,  
As men that dreamed were we.  
Then filled with laughter was our mouth,  
Our tongue with melody.



### Silly Jim.

SILLY JIM, as they called him, was a big overgrown boy, of weak intellect, but of the kindest, gentlest, most obliging disposition.





He would run errands for anybody all day long, for nothing; would carry babies, often two at a time, for hours together, to let their mothers get on with their washings. He used to take the people's coals to their doors from the pithead, and the men and boys thought it a great

joke to put some big stones or scraps of old iron into the little truck, "just to try to break him down, for he's as strong as a horse." The men in the village played quoits after hours, and smoked, and talked about the inexplicable love their women folk had for a gossip;

and the other boys played football and shinty, but Jim toiled on all day, and often, as he passed by engaged in his unceasing labours, one would say to another, "It must be a queer thing to be weak in the mind, I wonder what it feels like." But Jim never grumbled, never said "no" to anybody, yet he had his own thoughts. Night and morning he said his prayers, and was not ashamed to say he said them.

"What do you get to pray about, Jim?" one of a laughing group asked him one night as he was painfully pushing the little truck, in the bottom of which the man at the pithead had playfully put a 56 lb. weight.

"What do you pray for, Jim?"

Then the poor lad barely halted while he made answer, "I ask God no to let you men be so hard on me."

The minister of the place proposed that Jim should be invited to sit down with the rest of the congregation at the Lord's table. "I always feel," he said, "when I see Jimmie sitting all alone with the tears in his eyes, in the back seat of the gallery, while we are at the 'table,' as if the worthiest amongst us was excluded." But the minister was overruled.

"You see," said an elder who had been twice bankrupt and was strongly suspected of having prevented a third bankruptcy only by a fire which he had successfully negotiated, "you see, he's silly, and it would never do; he hasn't the requisite knowledge."

"No," said another, "I have been an elder for seven-and-thirty years, and we have not been in the habit of letting idiots take the sacrament. And besides, if you admit one idiot, you may have to admit fifty, or a hundred; and we must draw the line. I have much pleasure in seconding, for the reason I have stated, the motion that he be not admitted."

So poor Jim had to wait till he sat down with Christ Himself in the Kingdom of God.



*Who hath gathered the wind in His fists?  
what is His name, and what is His Son's  
name? Prov. 30, 4.*

*They awoke Him. Then Jesus arose, and  
rebuked the winds.—Matt. 8, 26.*

MR. BASIL LUBBOCK in his book, *Round the Horn before the Mast*, says that a landsman has no idea of the various noises on board a sailing-ship in a storm. "Every part of the ship groans; up above the gale roars, sings, and whistles through the rigging; one backstay (that is one of the ropes that help to support the mast) produces a deep note, and one could fancy an organ was being played aloft; others shriek shrilly like telegraph wires; some hum, some sing, others twang like banjo strings; and above all is the crash of the seas falling on the main-deck, and the clang of the hardly used ports (holes in the ship's sides close to the deck for letting the water out) as they are banged first open and then shut by each succeeding wave."

That is what poor sailors have to listen to for weeks on end in those





*Houghton-le-Skerne  
Durham.*

wild southern latitudes where it is winter—and such winter!—while it is the happy summer time with us. Pray often for them fighting for their lives with cold and hunger and sickness and bruised and broken limbs, while you lie safe in your clean and cosy beds listening to the birds.

### The "Highland Laddie" Inn.

I KNOW nothing about that Inn excepting this, that it has a name that somehow goes to a Scotchman's heart.

But I wish to warn you, especially when you go from home, to be on your guard when you see places with captivating names. Be not ignorant of Satan's devices. When

you are looking for lodgings for a night, or two days, or a month, or a year, ask God to search out a resting place for you, and He will surely do it, for His Own name's sake; for "He doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and widow, and loveth the stranger."—*Deut. 10, 18.*

*Our God is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not worship the golden image which thou hast set up.—Daniel 3, 17.*

THE Right Hon. Sir Austen Henry Layard, G.C.B., 1817-1894, the Excavator of Nineveh, and for some time British Ambassador at Madrid and afterwards at Constantinople, was descended on both sides from

Huguenot families that had to flee from France in 1685, when 400,000 Protestants were driven into exile by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—a decree passed in 1598 which had given them liberty of worship. Layard says in his *Autobiography* that he sometimes felt he had a right to be counted a martyr himself, and for this reason.

When he was eight years old he was sent to a public school at Moulins in the centre of France. Being the only Protestant and the only English boy there—for it was only ten years after the battle of Waterloo—he had a very hard time of it. A favourite amusement with the other boys was to make a cross with chalk on the floor, and then to try to force him to kiss it. When he resisted, he was held down by main force, and beaten on the head and body with sabots, or wooden shoes, which then, as now, were worn in many parts of France. They never succeeded, however, he proudly records, in doing more than rubbing his nose on the chalk.

One day, when he was walking in the town with some of his school-fellows, they met the Host, that is, the consecrated wafer which Roman Catholics believe is turned into the very body and blood of our Lord in the sacrifice of the Mass. It was being borne in procession to the house of some dying person, and young Layard was ordered to kneel down and worship it as everybody else was doing. He sturdily refused, and taking to his heels ran down the street. He was pursued, caught, and dragged to the river, the Allier,

into whose rapid current he would have been thrown but for the interference of a gentleman who happened to be passing.

I hope, if ever any of you happen to be in a Roman Catholic country in similar circumstances, you will be as brave as he, and I hope also you will never go into a Roman Catholic church, either at home or abroad, to see the Celebration of the Mass, either from curiosity or any other motive.

Many years ago, I have been told, it was the custom in Malta for the officer of the guard to call out his men to present arms whenever the Host passed. But one day the officer on duty happened to be a godly Highlander. "The Host is coming, sir," said the sergeant, and forthwith was proceeding to turn out the guard.

"The guard is not to turn out," said the officer.

"But it is in the orders, sir."

"You are not to do it."

"But, sir ———."

"Put me under arrest if you choose," said the officer, "but I forbid you to turn out the guard."

And put under arrest he was, then or later on, and ultimately dismissed the army, but that order was expunged from the regulations, and Protestant soldiers are no longer asked to do what our religion teaches us is idolatry and blasphemy against Him Who died once for our sins, rose again, and now sits our great High Priest at God's right hand.

All honour to young Layard and that brave Highland gentleman!





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### Reasons for not going to Church. 5th Series—No. 6.

*At cricket matches this lad, a third-rate bowler who tries to imitate the "action" of a famous player whose portrait he has seen in an Athletic Journal, causes great laughter, which he mistakes for admiration, by his antics.*

*He hasn't been going regularly to Church lately, his reason being that he can't stand his minister's "delivery;" "his gestures are quite ridiculous, so violent, and so unnatural!"*

|    |    |   |
|----|----|---|
| 1  | M  | It seemed good to me to write unto thee.— <i>Luke 1, 3.</i>   |
| 2  | TU | He That sat upon the throne said unto me, Write.— <i>Rev. 21, 5.</i>  |
| 3  | W  | Write the things which thou hast seen.— <i>Rev. 1, 19.</i>  |
| 4  | TH | Written with the finger of God.— <i>Deut. 9, 10.</i>  |
| 5  | F  | Written uprightly, even words of truth.— <i>Eccl. 12, 10 (R. V.)</i>  |
| 6  | S  | These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Son of God.— <i>John 20, 31.</i> Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury wrote on the box where he put letters for the post, "Ite, ite, veloces angeli," Go, go, swift messengers.   |
| 7  | S  | Thou hast led captivity captive : Thou hast RECEIVED gifts for men.— <i>Ps. 68, 18.</i>   |
| 8  | M  | He led captivity captive, and GAVE gifts unto men.— <i>Eph. 4, 8.</i> Christ gives to us all that God gives to Him ; so that in the case of Christ <i>recipere</i> means <i>give</i> ! He keeps nothing to Himself.   |
| 9  | TU | The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them.— <i>John 17.</i>  |
| 10 | W  | Thou hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me.   |
| 11 | TH | Father, I will that they be with Me where I am.   |
| 12 | F  | Joint-heirs with Christ.— <i>Rom. 8, 17.</i>  |
| 13 | S  | That take for Me and thee— <i>Matt. 17, 27.</i> "All the Gospel is there—for Me and thee."— <i>Dr. Andrew Bonar.</i>  |
| 14 | S  | He giveth more grace.— <i>James 4, 6.</i>   |
| 15 | M  | They go from strength to strength.— <i>Ps. 84, 7.</i>   |
| 16 | TU | A new song in my mouth.— <i>Ps. 40, 3.</i>  |
| 17 | W  | Ye hold the tradition of men.— <i>Mark 7, 8.</i> "The most benumbing thing to the intellect is routine."— <i>Walter Bagehot.</i>  |
| 18 | TH | A wise man will hear, and will increase learning.— <i>Prov. 1, 5.</i>   |
| 19 | F  | I have learned by experience.— <i>Gen. 30, 27.</i>  |
| 20 | S  | The wicked are like the adder that stoppeth her ear.— <i>Ps. 58, 4.</i>   |
| 21 | S  | The prince of the power of the air.— <i>Eph. 2, 2.</i>  |
| 22 | M  | A Stronger than he.— <i>Luke 11, 22.</i>  |
| 23 | TU | He taketh from him all his armour.  |
| 24 | W  | Resist the devil.— <i>James 4, 7.</i>   |
| 25 | TH | And he will flee from you. "Thou canna gar me trimle the day !" (You can't make me tremble to-day) said a big pugnacious fellow to Carlyle's brother once. "I kenna what's to hinder thee frae trimling the day mair than any ither day, if thou's in the habit o' trimling," was the answer. Whereupon the man went off, again "trimling." |
| 26 | F  | The devils believe, and tremble.— <i>James 2, 19.</i>   |
| 27 | S  | I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven.— <i>Luke 10, 18.</i>  |
| 28 | S  | They crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh.— <i>Heb. 6, 6.</i>  |
| 29 | M  | They have profaned the dwelling-place of Thy name.— <i>Ps. 74, 7. (R. V.)</i>   |
| 30 | TU | Things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth.— <i>Acts 26, 9.</i> "The habits of the West" ( <i>our</i> habits) "are now invading the towns of Palestine. In Nazareth there are now no fewer than <i>seventeen</i> public-houses."— <i>Mr. Kelman's The Holy Land.</i>  |



July, 1903.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVI.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 7.



“—With dominion over the creatures.”

—*Shorter Catechism, Quest. 10.*

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*And God said unto Balaam, Thou shalt not go.—Numbers 22, 12.*

*Verse 19. And Balaam said unto the men, Tarry ye this night, that I may know what the Lord will say unto me more.*

*Verse 20. And God said unto him, Go.*

*Verse 21. And Balaam rose up in the morning, and saddled his ass, and went. And God's anger was kindled because he went.*

ABOUT seventy years ago there lived in the town of Peebles a boy six years of age, Johnnie Veitch, afterwards Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in Glasgow University. The river Tweed flows past the town, and naturally enough, when the warm summer days came, he wished to bathe in it. But the Tweed in that neighbourhood is, or at least in those days was, very dangerous to bathers, and many a child had been lost in it, as little Veitch was often enough told. But still he wished to go and bathe, and day after day kept crake-crake-craking away, "You might let me go," till at last his father, who had been a sergeant in the army under Wellington, said to him one day, "Very well, come away."

So off they set, the boy in high glee. They soon came to an apparently suitable place. "Off with your clothes," said his father. The

boy obeyed, but when he came to the water's edge his father said, "Oh! that place won't do, the water is too deep. Put your clothes on again."

Soon they came to another place. "Off with your clothes, Johnnie," and off the clothes went a second time.

"I doubt, I doubt," said his father, "the water is hardly deep enough this time. You had better put your clothes on again, and we'll try another place."

The boy though discouraged obeyed, and went on once more in hope.

"I think," said his father, "we might try here. Off with your clothes!" and off they went a third time. But just as he was stepping into the water, his father said, "The current is too strong here, I see, and besides, the stones are too sharp; you will cut your feet if you go in. Put your clothes on," and on they were put for the third time.

Is it any wonder that when his father said, "Perhaps we had better go home now," the boy was only too willing? he had had "douking" enough for one day; yes, and for many days. He never asked to be allowed to bathe in the Tweed again till he had sense enough to know what bathing in that river means.

God dealt with Balaam, one may say, as that old soldier dealt with his son. First of all He gave a command, and when Balaam would neither obey orders nor listen to arguments, God tried ridicule. The dumb ass, speaking with man's voice, forbad the madness of the prophet.



It would have been well for him if, like that little child, he had obeyed and turned back. But he would go on in spite of God, so eager was he to get the money Balak offered him, and we know with what result. He was, perhaps, next to Moses, the cleverest man then living—a prophet, a poet, a man who talked with God. Yet, we are told, he set himself to do the lowest and most shameful kind of work that mortal man can engage in. He tried to lead the children of Israel into very awful kinds of sin, hoping in that

way to succeed in bringing a curse on the people whom God had blessed. And you know the end; “the children of Israel warred against the Midianites; and they slew the kings of Midian: Balaam also, the son of Beor, they slew with the sword.”

When God says to you about anything, “Don’t!,” be sure of this that He means it; don’t argue with Him; don’t ask Him to change His mind about sin; don’t wait for more light on the subject; but obey Him instantly, then and there!

### What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCLES. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 64.)

What  
is thy  
name?  
Janet.

In Crosbie Churchyard, two miles from Troon, there is a monument, dated 1761, erected over the grave of one Janet M’Fadzen, the wife of a master-sergeant. It has these words on it:—

Twenty-four years i lived a  
Maiden life            three years i was a  
married wife in which times i lived  
a hapie life            i trevld with him from  
toun to toun untill by death I was  
cut down in my sister’s house did  
die & hear at Crosbe Kirk i ly  
where i my Rest & sleep will take  
untill at last i be Awaked it will not  
be with tuk of drum but it will  
be when the trumpet sound &  
when ile my Redeemer see who  
shed his prechios blood for me.

I give you this epitaph chiefly that I may tell you about the book from which I have taken it—the new edition, with illustrations, of *The Martyr Graves of Scotland*, by the late Rev. J. H. Thomson. It is published by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Edinburgh, and costs 7/6. If your father and mother are in the habit of giving you a present on your birthday, and should offer you next time a cricket bat and ball, tell them, though I know it will cost you an effort to do it, that you would rather have *The Martyr Graves*; and after they have bought it, they will be so much taken up with it that

What  
is thy  
name?

Janet.

they will keep it for themselves, and perhaps you will get the bat and ball from them for yourself after all. But, if you don't, you will still have *The Martyr Graves*, and you are not to be pitied. And, besides, the bat, if you had got it, might have been broken the very first day, and the ball might have gone through a window, or over the wall into an ill-natured neighbour's garden. And yet—(Perhaps, after all, it is best to be honest, and God is not angry at a boy for wishing a cricket bat).

Thomas Carlyle had for his two youngest sisters both a JEAN, born 1810, and a JANET. "These little beings," he said long afterwards, "in their bits of grey speckled straw bonnets I recollect as a pair of neat, brisk items, tripping about among us." Of JEAN, on her marriage to a Mr. Aitken, he wrote to his mother, "We have always known her as a most reasonable, clear, and resolute little creature; of her in all scenes and situations, good is to be anticipated." JANET, afterwards MRS. HANNING, called the Crow, or Crow, from her black hair, was the neatest seamstress of the family, and though "of far inferior speculative intellect to Jean, proved to have superior house-keeping faculties to hers." Carlyle in one of his letters to his wife speaks of cutting his own hair in the front and getting Jenny to finish it in the rear.

There was an old woman named JENNY—I do not remember where I read of her, but her full name is in the book of life—to whom, when she was very ill, some one said, "If it was possible for God to give you your choice whether to die or to live, which of them would you choose?" And her answer was, "Ay, but, sir, I wouldna tak it. I would just put it back to Himself again."

There are a great many other Jeans and Janes and Janets of whom I would like to tell you, but if I say much more about this name, all those girls who are not fortunate enough to be so called will become envious. But I must tell you about one more, of whom you may read in the life of John Brown of Haddington. She is my favourite and greatest theologian. She was very poor and old, but, as I hope you can see, a woman of great worth and understanding. Mr Brown took great delight in her conversation, and used to try her with harder and better questions than the Queen of Sheba tried King Solomon, and she answered them, or, at least, she answered this one, as even he in all his glory could not have done. "JANET," said Mr Brown to her when she was dying, "what would you say if, after all He has done for you, God should let you go to the bad place?" "E'en's (even as) He likes," was her answer; "but if He does, *He'll lose mair than I'll do.*"

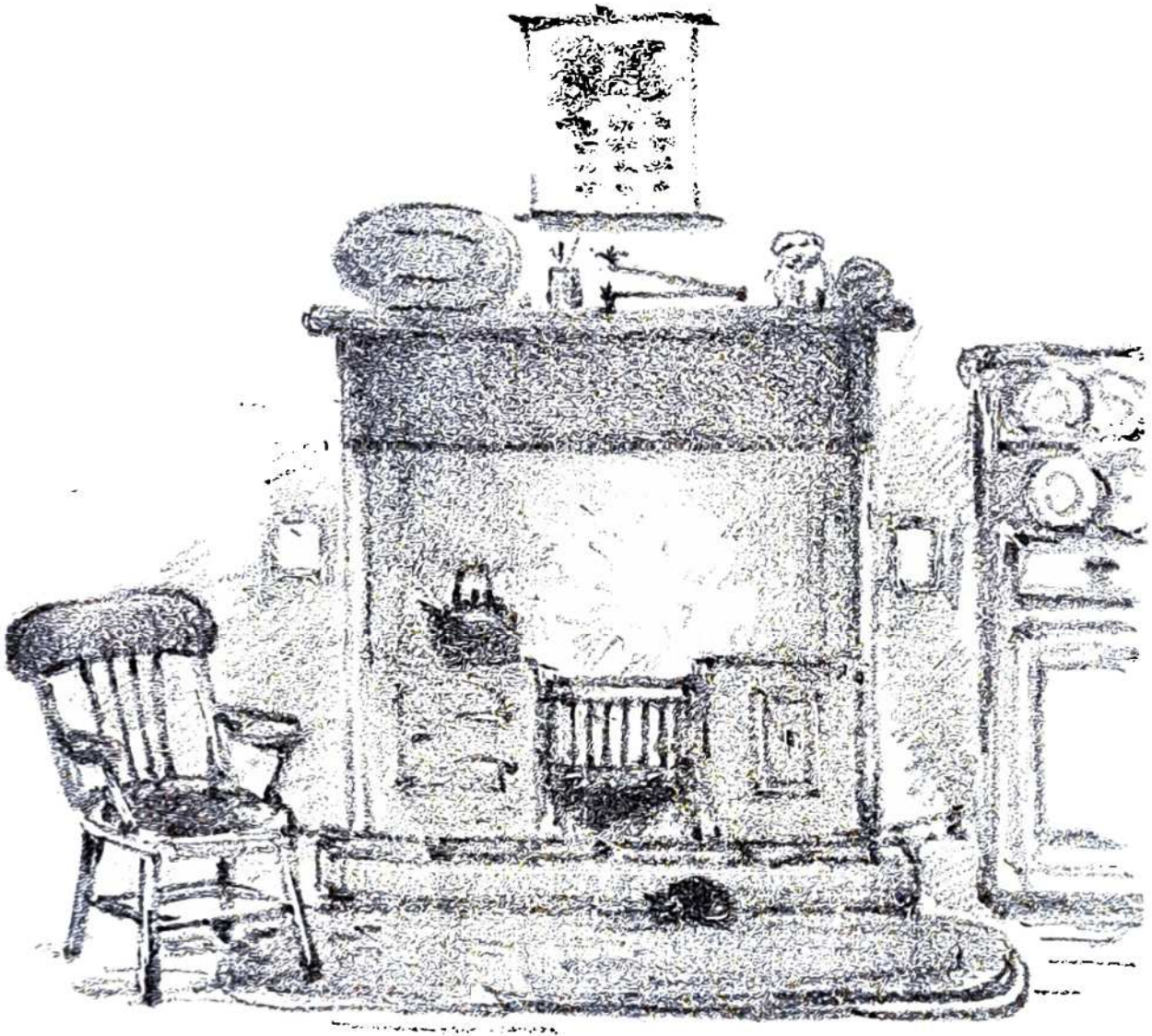
I never think of this reply without comparing it with that high-water mark of theology in Jeremiah 14, 21: "Do not abhor us, for Thy name's sake; *do not disgrace the throne of Thy glory.*"

Two of the greatest Frenchmen that have ever lived had a JEANNE for their mothers: the one, John Calvin, 1509-1564, who has done more than we know to make us all what we are, whose mother was JEANNE LEFRANC; the other, Louis Pasteur, 1822-1895, whose name you must have heard in connection with the treatment of



What  
thy  
me?  
anet.

hydrophobia. His father was a soldier in the Peninsular War, and was made a sergeant-major for bravery. He afterwards, while still young, became a tanner. Hard by the tannery ran a little stream, on whose other bank lived a gardener and his daughter, JEANNE ROQUI. The stream was called La Furieuse, but many waters cannot quench love, and the gardener's daughter in due time became the happy tanner's wife. (Parse *happy*. Which noun does it qualify?)



*The handwriting that was against us.*

—Col. 2. 14.

SOME of you may have heard of a "Register Grate," but did you ever hear of a "Register Mantel-piece?"

I was telling a wise woman one day, a mother in Israel, about the little fellow in one of Kipling's stories, son of a colonel in India, whose punishment when he misbehaved was the cutting off of the good conduct stripe that was sewn

on the sleeve of his little jacket. When he did well again the stripe was restored, but not till some days had passed.

"Do you know what was my plan," she asked, "with so-and-so and so-and-so?" naming two of her boys. "They were more of an age than any other two of our children, there was but sixteen months between them, and they were of course more thrown together, and somewhat given to quarrelling. I put two clean sheets of paper on the mantel-piece every day, one for each of them, with his name at the head of it, and every time they misbehaved, or cried needlessly, I put down a mark. I didn't put one down if they cried and had a reason for it, but only if they cried and had no reason for it. And, do you know, I think it did good! For every time their father, or any of the rest of the family, came in, the first thing he did was to go up and look first at the one sheet and then at the other, and see who had the fewest bad marks. And the two boys themselves used to compare them, and the one would say to the other, 'You have got one bad mark more than me to-day,' and he would strive not to be equal with him. I really think that it did them good."

"And did they ever have clean sheets!" I asked.

"Never once, I'm sorry to say; I've seen them with only one mark in the day, but neither of them ever got through a day without at least one."

"And what was the greatest

number of bad marks either of them ever got?"

"Ten"; and then she added, "you'll be thinking I have a bad, bad family!"

I didn't say anything, for I was thinking about my own daily score, and those words came into my mind, "If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?"

Do you know the words that come after these in the Psalm—the 130th? "But there is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared."



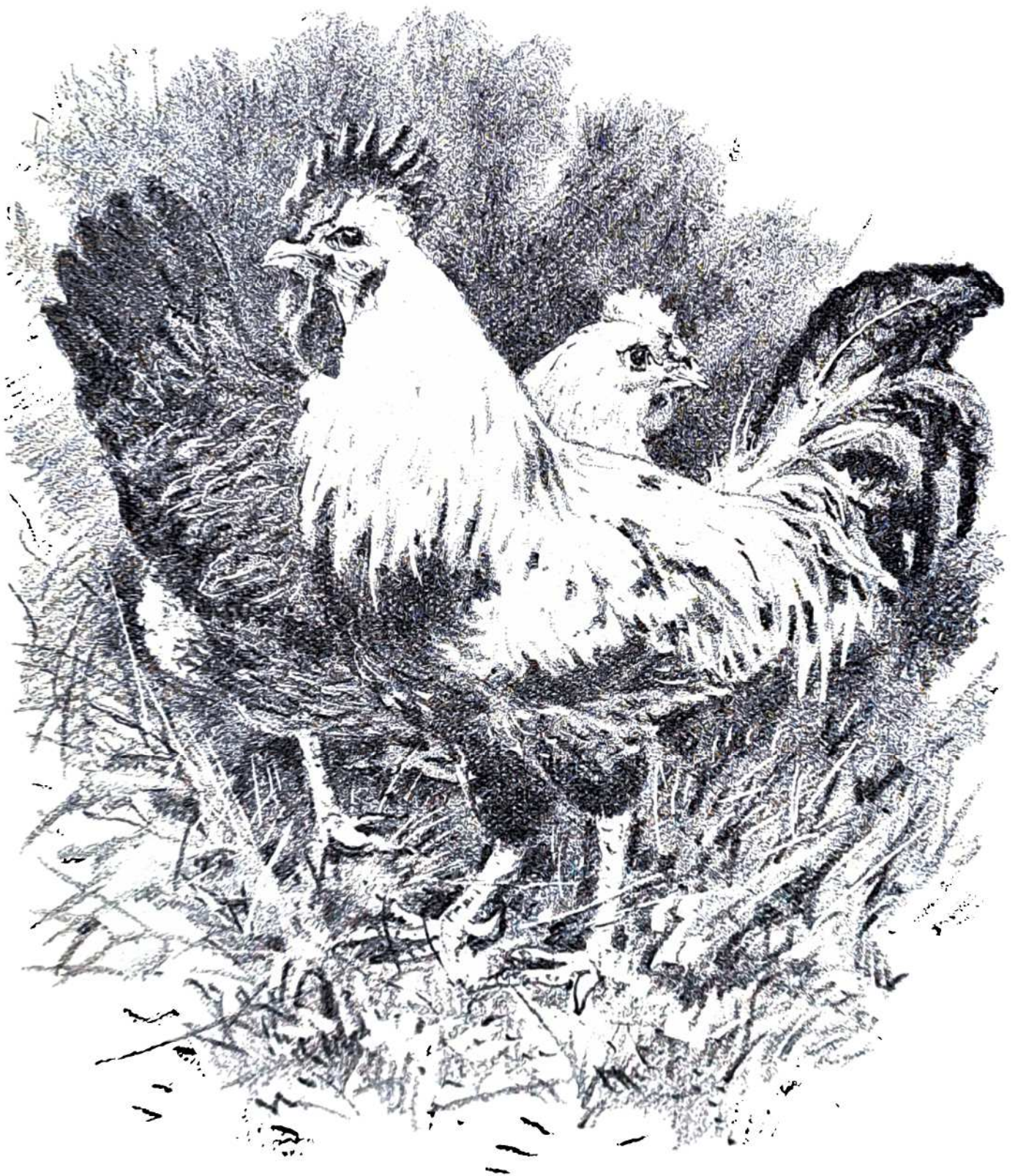
### About Cock-crowing.

A FEW days ago the new first-class cruiser *Berwick*, built and engined at Glasgow, went through her speed trials, and passed them not only successfully but triumphantly. The speed she reached on "the measured mile" was at the rate of 24.6 knots per hour, that is  $28\frac{1}{3}$  miles, a knot being 6080 feet, while a mile is 5280. That being record speed for a British man-of-war, her crew set up on the top of the foremast a huge brass or copper Cock—I can't make out with my glass which it is—to show, as the newspapers phrase it, that the *Berwick* is cock-of-the-walk in the navy.

Plutarch tells us that when some man once gave a king a pair of cocks which were, he said, the bravest in the world, because they would die rather than yield, the king said, "I would rather have a



## Dorkings.



pair of those that would make these die!" Yes, they crow best that crow last. "Invincible" Armadas have been beaten before now. The race is not always to the swift, nor

the battle to the strong. It is not Britannia that rules the waves, but Christ Who measures the waters in the hollow of His hand. "Jehoshaphat made ships of



Tharsish to go to Ophir; but they went not." "Then Eliezer prophesied against him, saying, Because thou hast joined thyself with Ahaziah"—two combined navies—"the Lord hath broken thy works." The ships break the records, but what if He break the ships?

They say that weather-cocks were first put up on churches to remind us of Simon Peter's denial of his Lord. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

We would think we did well if we rose at the cock-crowing to pray but our Lord rose often "a great while before day."

But if the cock-crowing is a call both to watch and to pray, it is a call also to hope and trust. We think it strange, and hardly credible, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our heavenly Father. And yet we find that God not only hears and records the crowing of a cock on the morning of the greatest day that ever was—the day on which the whole history of eternity depended—the day on which He forsook His Own Son for our redemption—but He even gave that crowing a place in His everlasting plan.



### Children that have Something still to Learn.

#### FIFTH SERIES.

*No. 6.—The Boy that forgets he has a shadow.*

THAT boy has not only forgotten that God sees everything and is acquainted with all our ways, and that to Him the night shineth as

the day; he also forgets that even to men and women the darkness and the light are in many ways both alike. The darkness reveals as well as the light, and reveals many things that the light can only conceal.

It is a solemn thing to hide the light, to blot it out, and yet that is what we do every time we cast a shadow. Light is one of the things to which God compares Himself. It was His first gift to the world at the Creation; it is one of the last He withdraws from bad men at the Day of Judgment. Few things are so wonderful; it comes so far and so quickly; it is so strong, and yet so gentle; so humble, and yet so persevering, that it creeps in through the smallest cranny and the narrowest chink, and goes into the most noisome corner; and yet nothing is more easily repulsed and quenched. When, therefore, you put out the light, see that you put something better in its place. If it is your body, your shadow, that is, your self that puts it out, see that you yourself be a still more beautiful revelation and manifestation of God than even light is. Be like Christ on the mount when He was transfigured, and His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white them. And we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, *full of grace and truth.*

A boy's shadow ought to be to his mother and to everybody else like the presence of an angel, like the presence of God Himself, in the





house, on the street, wherever he is, and whether he works or plays.

It is an awful thing when the only thing we can do for anybody, as Diogenes the philosopher said to Alexander the Great, is to "get out of the light!" And it is a fine thing when it can be said of us, as

was said of Peter—the same man who once stood "in the light of the fire" and denied his Lord—that our very shadow does people good. —*Mark 14, 54 (R.V.). Acts 5, 15*

The "light of the fire" may by God's grace be the very light of

His countenance to us. It was so to John Williams, the missionary martyr of Erromango. I quote from Mr. Richard Lovett's *History of the London Missionary Society*: "Although living a strictly upright and outwardly moral life, he was fast drifting into irreligious habits, when, on Sabbath evening, 30th January, 1814, Mrs. Tonkin, the wife of his master, met him on the street waiting for some companions with whom he was to spend the evening at a tavern. She recognised him *by the light of a lamp*, stopped first to question, and then to warn him, and finally induced him to go with her to the Moorfield's Tabernacle, of which Matthew Wilks was then pastor. Very reluctantly he went. The Rev. Timothy East, of Birmingham, was preaching that evening from the text, 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' The supreme moment in his life came then to John Williams, as it often does come to men, unexpected and unforeseen, and led up to by unpremeditated actions. Twenty-four years afterwards, in 1838, preaching from the pulpit which Mr. East occupied on that eventful evening, John Williams said: 'I have all the circumstances of that night vividly impressed upon my mind, and I have in my eye at this instant the particular spot in which I took my seat.'"

"The *light* of the fire." Do you know that our Lord speaks of a fire that has no light, and casts no shadow, a fire that lives in the outer darkness!

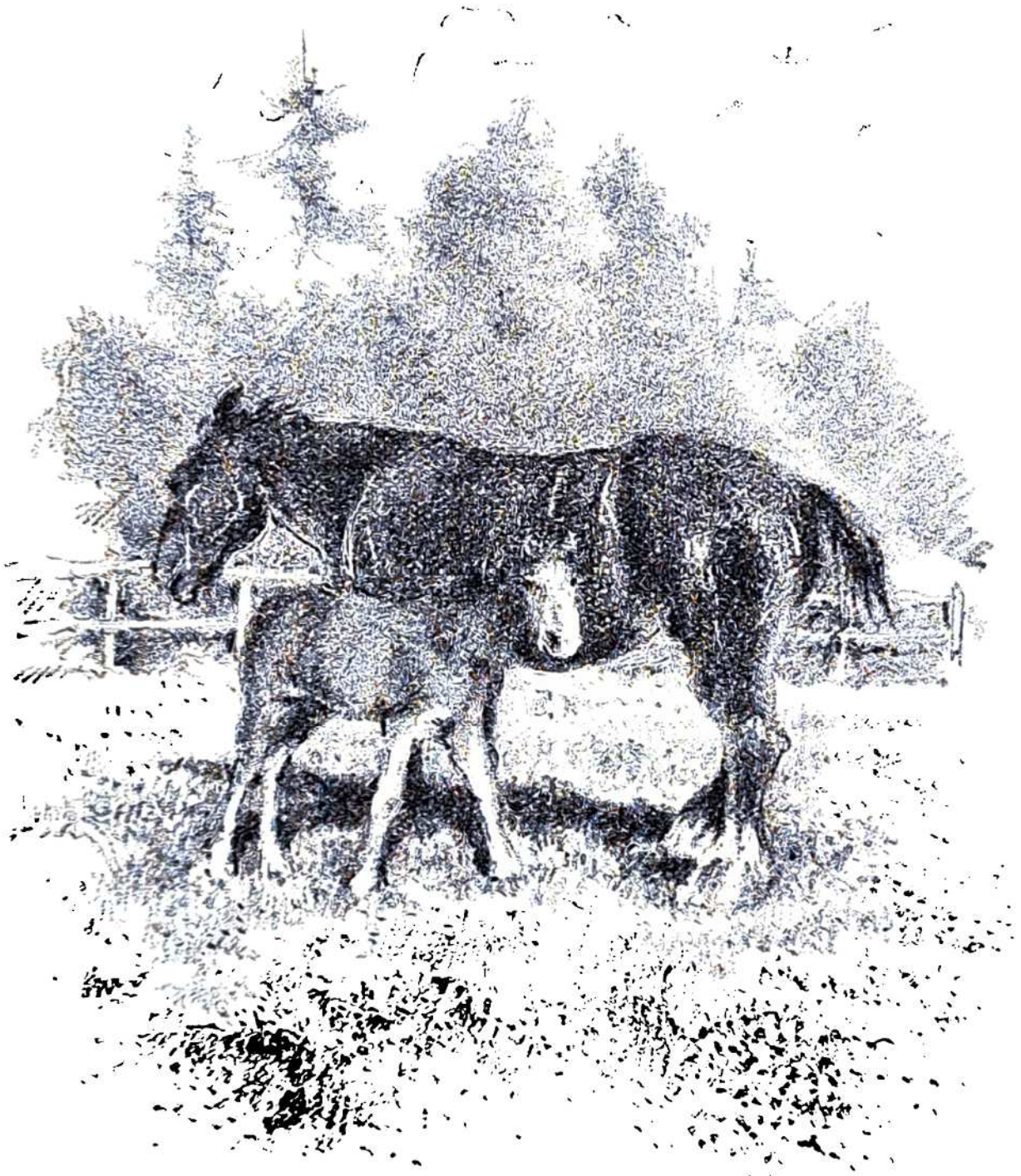
*Yea, ye shall flee, like as ye fled from before the earthquake.—Zech. 14, 5.*

*And there was a great earthquake: and immediately all the doors were opened.—Acts 16, 26.*

SIR HORACE RUMBOLD, in his *Recollections of a Diplomatist*, speaks of the terror that was felt by the inhabitants and residents in Chili every time there was an earthquake. His predecessor in the office he held in that country was a Mr. Drummond-Hay, C.B., whom he describes as being "as absolutely fearless as man can be." He got his C.B. for defending, single-handed, against a band of pirates the helpless crew of a small British vessel that had been wrecked near Tangiers, in Morocco. "Yet he told me," says Horace, "that at Valparaiso"—a name that means the Vale of Paradise!—"he entirely lost his nerve during an earthquake. He lived in a house on the hill above the town, and was sitting alone in his study one night at ten o'clock when the shocks began. Behind him was a door leading into an unoccupied room, which he knew for certain to be securely locked and bolted. Suddenly, on turning round, he saw both leaves of it opened as by an unseen hand: the effect upon him being such that, although he had been for years in the country, his feeling the next day simply was that he must go on board ship there and then, at any cost, and leave everything behind him rather than face such an unmanly ordeal again."

Where shall *we* hide when the rocks and the mountains all flee away?





*And God spake unto Noah, saying, Behold I establish My covenant with you, and with every beast of the earth with you.—Genesis 9, 9.*

- 
- 1 W Wine is a mocker.—*Prov. 20, 1.* At Derby, in 1745, the Young Pretender drank a glass to the health of all his friends in England, "and now," said he, "I have done as much for them as they have done for me."
- 2 TH Is this thy kindness to thy friend?—*2 Sam. 16, 17.*
- 3 F His dainties are deceitful meat.—*Prov. 23, 3.*
- 4 S The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.—*Prov. 12, 10.*
- 
- 5 S Thou forgettest the Lord thy Maker.—*Is. 51, 13.*
- 6 M Thy hands fashioned me.—*Psa. 119, 73.* "March 17, 1723. I was this day, upon my looking more comely than ordinary, stirred up in thankfulness to God, Whom I saw to be the fountain of all Perfection, and that I might of His fulness receive every good thing. He appeared to me a God able and ready to help me."—*Esther Edward's Diary.*
- 7 TU He is the health of my countenance.—*Psa. 42, 11.*
- 8 W Thou hast girded me with gladness.—*Psa. 30, 11.*
- 9 TH Thou anointest my head with oil.—*Psa. 23, 5.*
- 10 F I had not been before-time sad.—*Nehem. 2, 1.*
- 11 S Thy beauty was perfect, through My Majesty which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord God.—*Ezek. 16, 14 (R. V.)*
- 
- 12 S Thou hast fretted Me.—*Ezek. 16, 43.*
- 13 M My people are sottish children : they are wise to do evil,
- 14 TU But to do good they have no knowledge.—*Jer. 4, 22.*
- 15 W They sang His praise. They soon forgot His works.—*Psa. 106, 12.*
- 16 TH I would thou wert cold or hot.—*Rev. 3, 15.*
- 17 F If I tell you, ye will not believe :
- 18 S And if I ask you, ye will not answer.—*Luke 22, 68.*
- 
- 19 S Who hath made man's mouth?—*Ex. 4, 11.*
- 20 M A wholesome tongue is a tree of life.—*Prov. 15, 4.*
- 21 TU Pleasant words are as an honeycomb.—*Prov. 16, 24.*
- 22 W My speech shall distil as the dew.—*Deut. 32, 2.*
- 23 TH Let your speech be alway with grace.—*Col. 4, 6.*
- 24 F Seasoned with salt. "Dr. Ralph Brownrigg (died 1667) had wit and will, but made his wit his page, not his Privy-Councillor, to obey, not direct, his judgment."—*Thomas Fuller.*
- 25 S That ye may know how ye ought to answer every man.
- 
- 26 S They have digged a pit for my soul.—*Psa. 35, 7.*
- 27 M The enemy sowed tares, and went his way.—*Matt. 13, 25.*
- 28 TU The wicked deviseth mischief upon his bed.—*Psa. 36, 4.*
- 29 W Their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall.—*Prov. 4, 16.*
- 30 TH To hunt souls.—*Ezek. 13, 18.* "The way bad men do," said Grizel, "is this : they put evil thoughts into a woman's head, and say them often to her, till she gets accustomed to them, and thinks they cannot be bad when the man she loves likes them, and it is called corrupting the mind."—*Mr. Barrie's Sentimental Tommy.*
- 31 F Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men.—*Psa. 26, 9.*
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August, 1903.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVI.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

No. 8.

Washing  
Day





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## Lent to the Lord.

*For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him; therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.—1 Sam. i, 27.*

HAVE you ever noticed how curiously God sometimes uses words, turning them, as it were, upside down?

Look, for instance, at that word *lent*, which Hannah applies to her son.

If I ask a thing from a man, and get it from him, promising that I will give it back to him, I should never think of saying I was *lending* him something, when I keep my promise and give it back to him, I should not say I was giving him a loan, but rather that I was repaying a loan he had given me, or discharging a debt I was owing him. Yet God not only permits, but teaches, Hannah to call her son, a *loan*.

Neither, on the other hand, if I give a man a thing to *keep for ever*, should I think of calling that a *loan*; I should say it was a *gift*, or a *loss* or a *deprivation*. But here Hannah gives her son to God for as long as he lives, that is, for ever and ever,

and God says, "No, you are not to say you *give* him to Me, you are only *lending* him." That is to say, God takes Samuel from his mother, and keeps him, and won't part with him, and yet Samuel never ceases to be hers. Was it not so while he was on earth? Is there any child in all the Bible that is so much his own mother's boy as little Samuel? Even to the end of his days his very dress, his mantle, reminds us of her love. And in heaven, we may be sure, Hannah will be known for ever not only as Elkanah's wife, but as Samuel's mother also.

The truth of the matter is, that when two people have one purse between them, getting and giving, lending and paying back, all mean the same thing! And if we love God, then God and we are one, and all that He has is ours, and all that we have is His: we are heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.

But what if a man gets a loan and refuses to pay it back? What do we say of that? Do we not call it a bad debt? a dishonoured bill? or simple theft?

Do you know that when you were baptized, and many many a time before that, your mother promised to lend *you* to the Lord for ever! She had the right to do it, and surely you are glad she did it? She did her duty. Have you done yours? Will you not give yourself to God this very day, and so show Him that that you heartily approve of what your mother did?

There was a godly English gentleman named John Evelyn, who lived 250 years ago. In his *Diary*



—which you may have heard of—he tells us a touching incident about a little boy he had. “The Lord’s day fortnight before he died he repeated to me the Catechism, and told me he now perceived that those who had taken vows upon themselves at his baptism on his behalf *were disengaged*, for that since he himself did now understand what his duty was,

it would be required of *him* and not of *them*, for the future.”

Remember that the greatest thing you can do for your mother in this world—a thing compared with which all other kindnesses you may do are simply nothing—is to let her see that you have given yourself to Christ.

### What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCLES. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 89.)

What  
is thy  
name?

Jemima.

In order to see the full beauty of the name JEMIMA one needs to know some good woman who has borne it. It was the name of the eldest of Job’s daughters, born after his great troubles. It means *Dove*, and perhaps he gave it to her because, like Noah’s gentle messenger, she was a sign “that the waters were abated from off the earth.” To us in New Testament times the Dove suggests rather the thought of the Holy Ghost. Thrice happy that home where a girl’s or a woman’s presence is a symbol and a token of the continued abiding of the Comforter!

Matthew Henry the Commentator says two striking things about Job’s daughters. “The number of Job’s children at the end was the same as at the beginning of his trials, and some give this reason why they were not doubled as his cattle were, that his children that were dead were not lost, but gone before to a better world; and therefore, if he have but the same number of them, they may be reckoned doubled, for he hath two hosts of children, one in heaven, the other on earth, and in both he is rich.” And the other remark is this: “God made them great beauties, ‘no women so fair.’ In the Old Testament we often find women praised for their beauty, but none in the New Testament whose beauty is the least taken notice of, no, not the Virgin Mary herself, because the beauty of holiness is that which is brought to a much clearer light by the gospel.”

In England, not unfrequently, parents, that have had a Jemima for their eldest daughter, have named the next two Kezia, and Kerenhappuch, forgetting that there is a time and place for names as for everything else, and that a name that is becoming in one age and country may be ridiculous in another. The choosing of a child’s name is a solemn thing.

JEMIMA FOURDRINIER, the mother of John Henry Newman, a man who did more than most in his time to draw England away from

|                         |  |
|-------------------------|--|
| What<br>is thy<br>name? |  |
| Jemima.                 | <p>Christ as the only Mediator between God and man, belonged to a Huguenot family famous for its improvements in the art of paper-making. She was a woman of "remarkable composure and serenity of temper and manner." She disagreed entirely with her son's religious views and gave him neither praise nor sympathy. She died nine years before he joined the Church of Rome, and was spared that overwhelming sorrow. She had a daughter, also named JEMIMA, who had a wonderful memory for dates, who while yet a girl invented what I hope some of you will understand and I know, most of you won't and never will—"a very correct illustration of the generation of asymptotic curves."</p>   |
| Joan.                   | <p>Richard Hooker, 1554-1600, one of the greatest of English prose-writers and theologians, married in his 27th year one JOAN CHURCHMAN. He had come to London to preach in wet and stormy weather, and was so kindly treated by the woman at whose house he lodged that out of gratitude, so Izaak Walton tells us in a famous passage, "he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said : so that the good man came to be persuaded by her, 'that he was a man of tender constitution,' and that 'it was best for him to have a wife that might prove a nurse to him, such a one as might both prolong his life and make it more comfortable, and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry.' And he, not considering that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light, but like a true Nathanael, fearing no guile, because he meant none, did give her such a power as Eliezer was trusted with, (you may read it in the book of Genesis), when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac : for even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising upon a fair summons to return to London and accept of her choice ; and he did so. Now, the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion, and for her conditions, they were too like that wife's which is by Solomon compared to a dripping house ; so that the good man had no reason to rejoice in the wife of his youth, but too just cause to say with the holy Prophet, <i>Wo is me that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar !</i></p> <p>"This choice of Mr. Hooker's (if it were his choice) may be wondered at : but let us consider that the Prophet Ezekiel says, <i>There is a wheel within a wheel</i>, a secret sacred wheel of Providence (most visible in marriages), guided by His hand, That allows not the race to the swift, nor bread to the wise, nor good wives to good men : and He That can bring good out of evil (for mortals are blind to this reason) only knows why this blessing was denied to patient Job, to meek Moses, and to our as meek and patient Mr. Hooker."</p> <p>John Bengel the Commentator married in his 30th year, in 1714, JOHANNA SEEGER, and was so happy in her love that he often entreated God, if it were His will, to spare her to him to his latest breath. And such was his confidence that his prayer would be granted, though she was often ill, that we may say he was one of those who "obtained promises," for in his autobiography, written while he was still in perfect health, after recording his prayer, he added : <i>id quod factum est</i>, "and so it was." He died in 1752, and she in 1770.</p> |





*He shall judge thy poor with judgment.—  
Ps. 72, 2.*

*He will not always chide.—Ps. 103, 9.*

A VERY old minister and a very young one, who had come to help him at his Communion, were taking a walk round the outskirts of the village on the Saturday

forenoon. Presently they came to old Granny Wilkie's plot of ground. A long drought had been followed by a week's quiet steady rain, and then by ten days' great heat. That made weeds of all kinds come with a rush, and indeed it looked as if they had made up their minds to



choke every flower and every vegetable in the countryside.

Old Mrs. Wilkie's grandson Donald was busy weeding when the two men passed. Such lessons as he had for Tuesday—there was preaching on the Monday and therefore no school—had been finished the night before; that was the rule in the Wilkie family. Donald was looking rather disheartened when the ministers came near, but the sight of them made him set to again with fresh diligence. They stood and watched him in silence for a little, and then the young minister, first pointing with his staff, and then stooping down, and thinking himself rather clever, said, "Here's one you've missed, and here's another, and another."

Poor Donald turned round, and stood up, and took off his cap—that was another rule in the Wilkie house—and blushed. There was no doubt he had missed three weeds and a good many more than three, but he had been working very hard and very honestly all the same.

"You were at it before six this morning, Donald?" said the old minister, "I saw you from my study window."

"Yes, sir."

"When did you begin?"

"At the back of five, sir."

"And you've been at it ever since, except when you stopped for breakfast?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your father would have family worship this morning as usual?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you must have pulled up a good many basketfuls of weeds? May I go and see them!"

So the two men went and looked at the heap, and a great heap it was.

"I see I was wrong," said the young minister, "I didn't know how much he *had* done."

"You never had a garden?" said the old man.

"No, sir."

"No, and you didn't know either the quantity or quality of Donald's work." So the two of them came back to where Donald was, for he had gone back to his work when he saw the old minister turn round to speak to the young one.

"I see you have been rooting out a lot of that convolvulus," said the old man. "It's enough to break anybody's heart when it gets the upper hand in a place, but you have done a rare morning's work, Donald. Tell Granny I'm coming in to see her on Monday, if all's well, to tell her what a clever little grandson she has! But I'll see you a good many times in church before then." That was another rule in the house. No one that was in health was ever absent from church, and of all days in the year their mother, as was right, was most anxious they should not miss the Communion Sabbath.

As they walked along the road the old man smiled and said, "You have got a fine lesson to-day, and I hope you have learned it. I was a long time in learning it myself. I used to be very quick at seeing faults in people, and I often thought they were doing nothing to get rid



of them, and I didn't know how brave a battle they were fighting all the time, and how hard they had been striving while I was sleeping. Oh ! but it's often true—

What's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted."

### Audi Alteram Partem.

"ISN'T it provoking?" said a husband to his young wife one Monday morning. It was their first summer in their pretty little cottage, and they were greatly taken up with their garden. "These blackbirds have been at the strawberries. Of course they have a right to their share, for they tell me they will sing to us all winter, and if they would eat two or three and finish them, one wouldn't object, but they eat a bit out of this one and a bit out of that one. I don't know how many they have spoilt this morning. It's very provoking!"

"It is indeed," said his wife, "and Mother is coming to-day, and I had calculated on having such a nice plateful of our very own strawberries for her."

That is what the young husband and wife said to each other, but the proverb says, *Hear the other side*—that is the meaning of *Audi alteram partem*—for there are always two sides to every question, and as Solomon says, "He that pleadeth his cause first seemeth just; but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him out."

#### II.

Now hear what the two young

blackbirds said. It was their first summer too in that garden, for they had only been born that spring, and their parents had been killed by a boy with a sling, who was very proud all day at having done it, but felt very miserable at night when his father chose for singing at family worship some verses in the 104th Psalm, one of which was—

By them the fowls of heaven shall have  
Their habitation,  
Which do among the branches sing  
With delectation.

That was the reason why there were some things which these young birds didn't know; they had no father or mother to teach them.

"Do you know," said one to the other, "I think that man and his wife are very stupid. I never see them eating any of these lovely berries. They don't seem to know what's good for them."

"And I think they are very cruel," said the other bird, "they should not have let that great big cat of theirs kill our little brother."

"Oh, but I don't think they were to blame for that, for I am sure they looked very sorry, and I saw them speak very sharply to the cat and they gave it a good beating besides. And I think they are kind people, for I am certain it was for us they put out the big plate of water every day when there was no rain you remember for nearly a whole moon."

"Well, then, what are you going to do?" said the other bird.

"I was thinking that if you and I were to eat some of these strawberries, that would show them they were for eating."

"But they mightn't see us eating them, and after we had eaten them they wouldn't know that they had been eaten. They would just think they had disappeared."

"O you little stupid," was his answer, "don't you see we would only eat a bit of each one, and leave the rest, and then they couldn't help seeing!"

Whereupon the blackbird's little sister fairly danced with delight and her eyes shone at her brother's cleverness. And then she added, "And besides, you remember mother said we should never eat the whole of anything by ourselves, but always share it with others?"

So they both agreed to go and peck a bit out of the strawberries. But on their way to the beds the little girl blackbird said, "But we would need to clean our bills very carefully. Mother always made us do that, and said we were to eat prettily."

So they both washed their bills and rinsed their little tongues in the dew, and examined each other's mouths to see if they were clean, and I am sure the little rascal kissed his sister a good many times, for she said, "Don't!" repeatedly, and then held up her bill again and said, "Is my bill quite clean now? I feel as if there were still something sticking to it." And then he would go over the bill again as deliberately as if he were the Auditor of the Court of Session, who knew that in this case his decision might be appealed against.

This performance over, they fell to on the berries, and after a little

the one bird said, "I have eaten a bit of one, two, three, one"—for you know birds are not good counters; when they get as high as three, they begin again. And the other said, "And I have eaten a bit of one, two, three, one, two."

"That's a great lot, I wonder how many that is."

And then as quick as anything his sister said, "It's one, two, three, one, two, three, one, two, three, it's one, two, three threes!" Whereupon her brother was greatly astonished, and said, "That's what I don't understand about you girls; you are so silly sometimes, and yet you can do such great big hard sums. I wish I could count like that, but I don't know how you do it, and anyway I'm stronger than you and I can fly farther. But here that man and his wife are coming again, and I think they see the strawberries. Won't it be splendid if we have put some ideas into their heads!" And with that, before he knew it, he found he had whistled some notes.

### III.

"Seven lovely berries completely spoilt," said the husband.

"I see nine," said his wife; "isn't it most provoking? though I wouldn't have cared one bit if Mother hadn't been coming to-day."

### IV.

The two little birds meantime had retreated under a rhododendron bush and were watching the faces of the young couple very intently. Presently the little hen-bird said, "I'm afraid there's a mistake somewhere. Do you think we can have done anything wrong?"





### Washing-Day.

Oh! every day there's work enough, and not a moment's rest,  
It's—Rise betimes and light the fire and get the children dressed,  
And cook and scrub and clean and run at everyone's behest.

And Washing-day is just the same, with all to wash beside;  
It's a mercy when the day's been fine and baby hasn't cried:  
But Mother's arms must never tire, whatever may betide.

So help me, Maggie, though I know it's nicer far to play:  
Suppose *you* wash the supper things and put them all away,  
And help the little ones to bed when you have heard them pray.

Then find your Father's pipe for him, and go and fetch a light,  
And see whatever else there is that needs to be put right;  
Poor Mother is so *very* tired when it is Washing-night.

A. L.

*This generation is like unto children sitting in the marketplaces, which call unto their fellows, and say, We piped unto you, and ye did not dance; we wailed, and ye did not mourn.—Matt. 11, 17.*

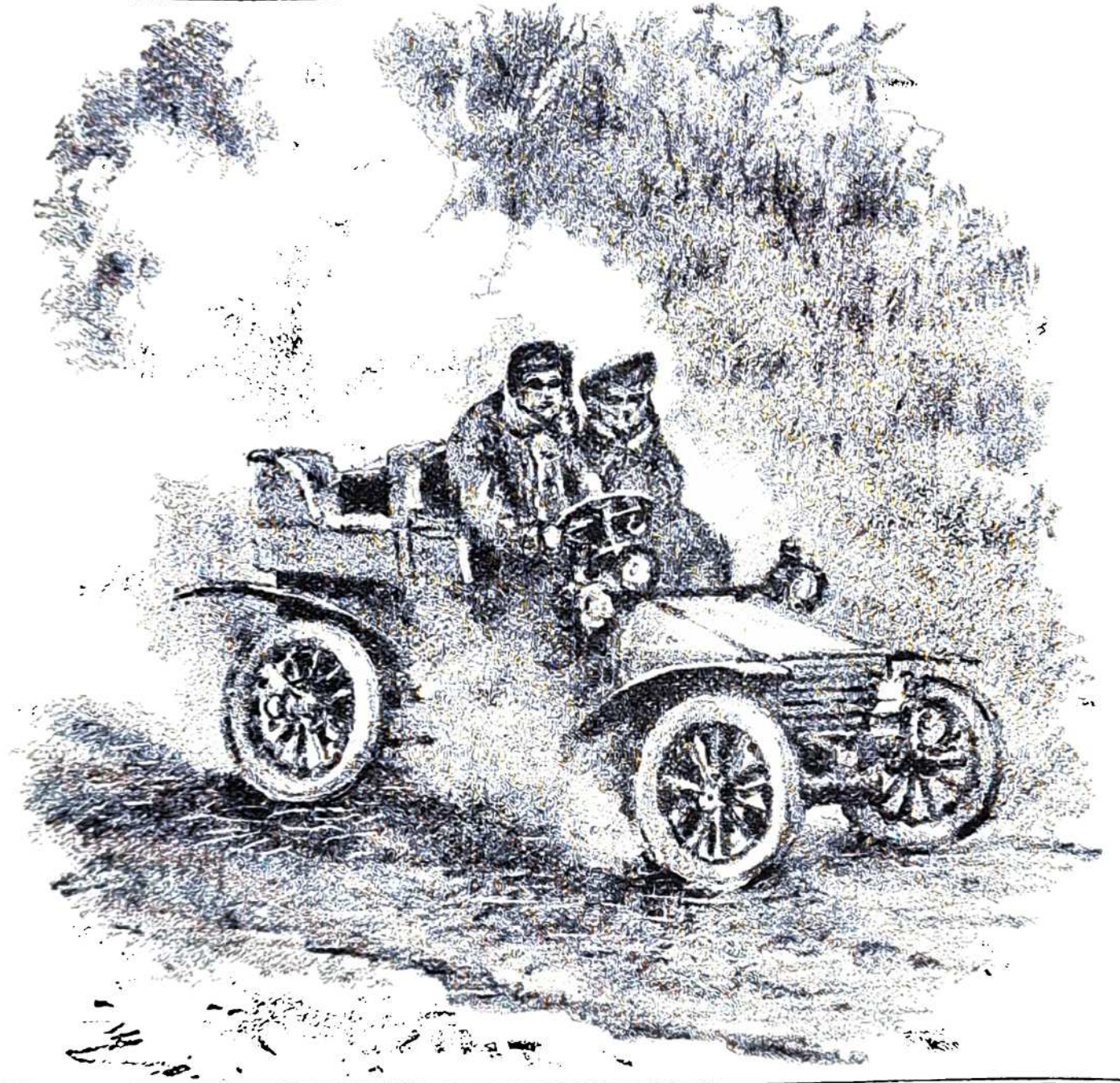
IN the recently published *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, the wife of Thomas Carlyle, a story is told of an experience she had when she was nine years old. She had gone to a little party in Haddington, and there a stranger boy put a slight on her which she resented to her finger ends. He was the only child of an Artillery Officer, twelve or perhaps thirteen, tall for his years and very slight, with sunshiny hair and dark-blue eyes; a dark-blue ribbon about his neck; and grey jacket with silver buttons.

When Mrs. Carlyle wrote out the little story she was fifty-one years old, and yet at that distance of time she recalled every item of her own dress also: a white Indian muslin frock open behind, and trimmed with *twelve* rows of satin ribbon; a broad white satin sash reaching to her heels; little white kid shoes, and embroidered silk stockings—these last being still in her keeping in a box along with the cap she wore the day she was baptised, her Mother, as is the manner of mothers, having preserved both in lavender up to the day of her death.

"Thus elegantly attired," she says, "and with my magnificent eye-lashes (I never knew what became of these eye-lashes), and my dancing 'unsurpassed in private life' (so our dancing master described it), with all that and much more to make me 'one and somewhat' in my own

eyes, what did I not feel of astonishment, rage, desire of vengeance, when this Boy, whom all were remarking the beauty of, told by his Mamma (I heard her with my own ears) to ask little Miss Welsh for a quadrille, declined, and led up another girl—a girl that I was 'worth a million of,' if you'll believe me—a fair, fat, sheep-looking thing, with next to no sense; and her dancing! But her wax-doll face took the fancy of Boys at that period, as afterwards it was the rage with men, till her head, unsteady from the first discovery of her, got fairly turned with admiration, and she ended in a mad-house, that girl! Ah! had I seen by second-sight at the Ball there the ghastly doom ahead of her—only some dozen years ahead—could I have had the heart to grudge her one triumph over me, or any partner she could get? But no foreshadow of the future Madhouse rested on her and me that glancing evening, though one of us—and I don't mean *her*, was feeling rather *mad*. No! never had I been so outraged in my short life! never so enraged at a Boy! I could have given a guinea, if I had had one, that he would yet *ask me* to dance, that I might have said him *such a No!* But he didn't ask me; neither that night nor any other night; indeed, to tell the plain truth, if my 'magnificent eye-lashes,' my dancing 'unsurpassed in private life,' my manifold fascinations, personal and spiritual, were ever so much as noticed by that Boy, he remained from first to last impracticable to them."





### Reasons for not going to Church. 5th Series—No. 7.

*This man boasts that he has run over seven dogs, five lambs, two sheep, and ducks and hens past reckoning. The last time he was fined for furious driving he pleaded guilty to going twenty miles an hour, but owned privately afterwards that forty-five would have been nearer the mark. But his best story is about an old woman to whom he gave such a fright that she went heads over heels into a horse-pond. He has no doubt, however, she would scramble out some way. He hasn't entered a church for two years, "because he has seen so much selfishness and want of principle in so many regular church-goers." So he says.*

*The lady beside him doesn't go either, because every now and then she has such a dreadful fluttering at the heart that, "if it were to come on in church, she really doesn't know what she would do!"*



|    |    |  |
|----|----|--|
| 1  | S  | Satan shewed Him all the Kingdoms <i>in a moment of time</i> .— <i>Luke 4, 5</i> .   |
| 2  | S  | The angel shewed me the holy Jerusalem, having the glory of God.   |
| 3  | M  | I will shew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife.— <i>Rev. 21, 9</i> .  |
| 4  | TU | The Lamb's wife hath made herself ready.   |
| 5  | W  | To her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen :  |
| 6  | TH | The fine linen is the righteousness of Saints.— <i>Rev. 19, 7</i> .  |
| 7  | F  | They which are gorgeously apparelled are in Kings' Courts.— <i>Luke 7, 25</i> . "May 6, 1883. Glad to have a day of rest. The standing at the dressmaker's is something awful. Yesterday I tried 12 dresses, 6 before breakfast, and 6 afterwards. I shall take about 18 dresses in all to the Czar's Coronation."— <i>Letters of Madame Waddington, wife of the French Ambassador</i> .   |
| 8  | S  | I have coveted no man's apparel.— <i>Acts 20, 33</i> .   |
| 9  | S  | The mercy seat.— <i>Ex. 25, 22</i> .   |
| 10 | M  | The throne of grace.— <i>Heb. 4, 16</i> .  |
| 11 | TU | We have access.— <i>Eph. 2, 18</i> .   |
| 12 | W  | She began to wash His feet with tears,   |
| 13 | TH | And did wipe them with the hairs of her head,  |
| 14 | F  | And kissed His feet.— <i>Luke 7, 38</i> .  |
| 15 | S  | I will go in unto the King ; and if I perish, I perish.— <i>Esther 4, 16</i> . "Admiral Jaurès' wife told me such hideous tales of women getting nervous and entangled in their trains when they backed away from the Emperor, that I shut the ballroom door yesterday and for twenty minutes whisked backwards and forwards, making low curtsies to my maids, who were rather embarrassed."— <i>Madame Waddington</i> .   |
| 16 | S  | Draw nigh to God,  |
| 17 | M  | And He will draw nigh to you.— <i>James 4, 8</i> .   |
| 18 | TU | When thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father.— <i>Matt. 6, 6</i> .   |
| 19 | W  | Jesus said, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee.— <i>Luke 7, 40</i> .  |
| 20 | TH | He told me all things that ever I did.— <i>John 4, 29</i> .  |
| 21 | F  | He was seen of Cephas ; of the twelve ; of James.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 5</i> .   |
| 22 | S  | The staff of this broken reed : so is Pharaoh.— <i>Is. 36, 6</i> . "June 8. My husband had his farewell audience with the Emperor—an insignificant conversation—might have been any emperor, or any ambassador, of any country."— <i>Madame Waddington</i> .   |
| 23 | S  | Great multitudes followed Him,   |
| 24 | M  | And He healed them all.— <i>Matt. 12, 15</i> .   |
| 25 | TU | Zacchæus climbed up into a tree, and He saw him.— <i>Luke 19, 5</i> .  |
| 26 | W  | They uncovered the roof where He was.— <i>Mark 2, 4</i> .  |
| 27 | TH | But Jesus said, They need not depart.— <i>Matt. 14, 16</i> .   |
| 28 | F  | And yet there is room.— <i>Luke 14, 22</i> .   |
| 29 | S  | They that exercise authority are called Benefactors.— <i>Luke 22, 25</i> . "The moment I set my foot in the hall at the Reception my heart sank, such a crowd on the stairs. . . We met Tom Leigh coming down ; he had been 15 minutes on the same step. However we did manage to get upstairs—tried to find either host or hostess, but they had evidently left the door. Down the staircase the same struggle, and the cold air blowing in upon my bare shoulders. I was cross when I got home."— <i>Madame Waddington</i> . |
| 30 | S  | I have set before you life and death :   |
| 31 | M  | Therefore choose life.— <i>Deut. 30, 19</i> .  |



# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 9.

Honour thy Mother.



(Conversation overheard at a Clyde watering-place.)

1ST BOY : " Your Mother says you are to come in."

2ND BOY : " Did she say I was to come in just now ?"

1ST BOY : " UNMISTAKABLY."

*Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.*

*Vols. XIV. and XV., 1901, 1902, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.*

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*He brought us out from thence, that He might bring us in.—Deut. 6, 23.*

THE late Mr. Barnum—Phineas T. Barnum—the American showman and the greatest of all showmen, used to chuckle, not unpardonably, over the way he once made the loitering crowds inside his show make room for the eager crowds waiting outside. Opening a door at the end of a short winding passage, he put up this Notice:

THIS WAY  
TO  
THE EGRESS.

The people, who had been feasting their eyes, and weakening their minds, gazing at skeleton men, and white negroes, and woolly horses, and Japanese mermaids, and other real and sham monstrosities, thought the EGRESS was a new wonder they had hitherto missed, possibly a woman Ogre, and poured into the alley, only to find themselves landed outside the building—in the open air—in the public street! By the time it was possible to seek opportunity to return, the door was shut.

That is the way all men often treat us. They show us out, they

order us out, they thrust us out. Many a time they will not even let us in, but in any case, once we are out they leave us out. We go miles to climb a hill, or view a waterfall, or wander through some lovely glen, only to find that "Trespassers will be Prosecuted." The owner of the place gives no explanation, makes no apology, expresses no regret at the disappointment or inconvenience we have suffered, tenders no advice, offers no alternative. He does not even show face. There is nothing to say, for there is nobody to say it to!

Not so with God. He does not leave the stranger at the gate. He either stands behind the door—on which the words are written, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you"—or else comes out, and says, "I will show thee a more excellent way. Follow thou Me."

We see this, for example, in the commandments. They have, as Dr. Chalmers used to say, a positive as well as a negative side; or, as our Shorter Catechism puts it, the commandments teach us not only what is forbidden, but also what is required. God does not simply say, 'Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not hate thine enemy, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not covet, but He adds, Love thy neighbour as thyself, Bless them that despitefully use you, To do good and communicate forget not, Be content with such things as ye have, for all things are yours. He brings us out, that He may bring us in.

And we see it in Providence. He shuts one door, but He opens



another. Nay, rather, God's doors all open into somewhere. Which-ever side of them you are on, you are in some room, some mansion of your Father's house.

Above all, we see it in redemption. He says not only, The soul that

sinneth, it shall die; but also, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved; not only, Depart from iniquity, but, Come unto Me, and I will give you rest. He brings us out, that He may bring us in.



**La Vachère de la Normandie.**

*A Normandy Milkmaid coming from the Milking.*



**What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.****A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.***(Continued from page 88.)*What  
is thy  
name?

Joan.

**JOANNA**—daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain (Columbus' King and Queen), mother of Charles V., the Emperor of Germany who, at the Diet of Worms, leagued himself with Rome against Luther and the Reformation, and grandmother of Philip II., the husband of bloody Mary, the man who built the Invincible Armada to destroy Protestantism—was kept 50 years in confinement owing to mental disorder, and spent her time chasing cats in a lonely tower. Yet to the end of her life her name, according to law, had to be inserted in all state documents and royal proclamations.

The mother of William Harvey, 1578-1657, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was **JOAN HAWKE**. She had as Thomas Fuller puts it "a week of sons." Five of them made fortunes as merchants. There is a brass tablet to her memory in the parish church at Folkestone—

A.D. 1605 Nov. 8th died in the 50th year of her age

Joan Wife of Tho. Harvey. Mother of 7 Sons and 2 Daughters.

A Godly harmless woman : A chaste loving Wife :

A charitable quiet Neighbour : A comfortable friendly Matron :

A provident diligent Housewife : A careful tender-hearted Mother.

Dear to her Husband : Reverenced of her Children :

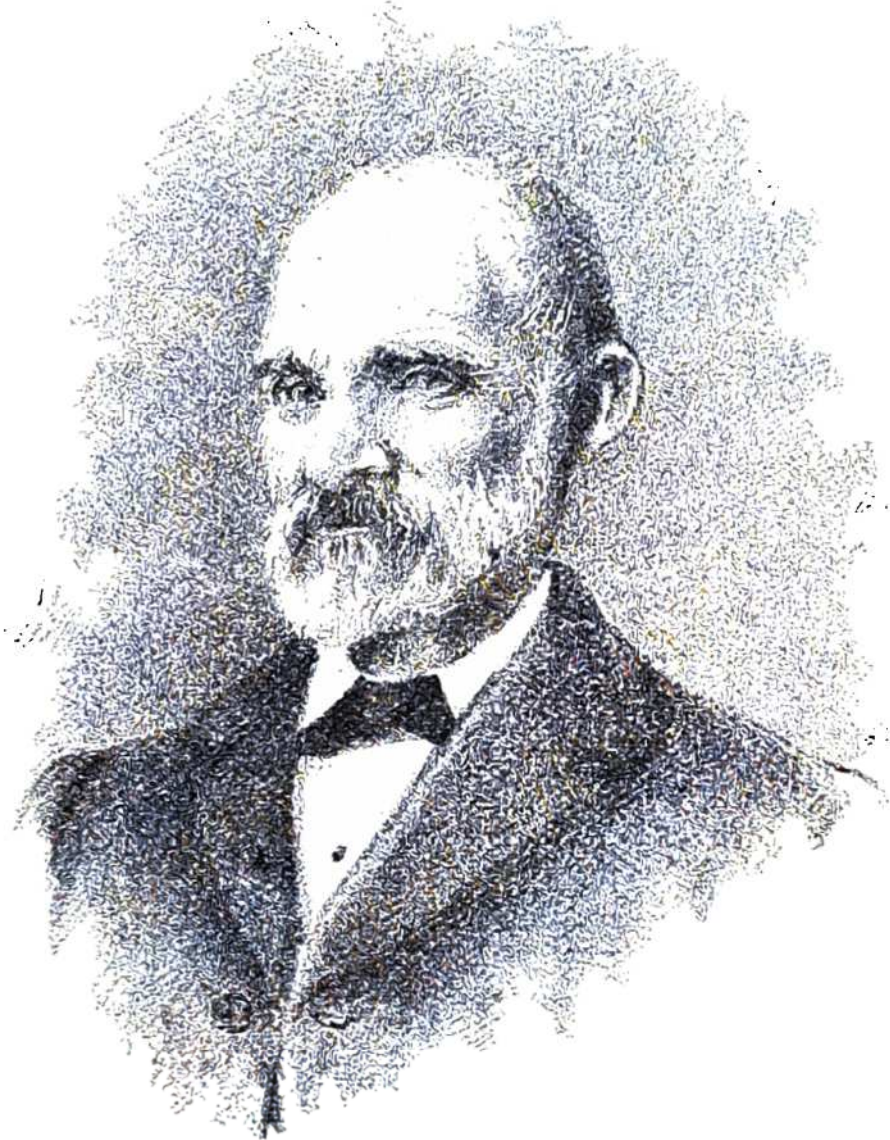
Beloved of her Neighbours : Elected of God.

Whose Soul rests in Heaven, her body in this Grave :

To her a Happy Advantage : to hers an Unhappy Loss.

**Richard Bentley**, 1662-1742, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of England's greatest classical scholars, married, when he was 39, **JOANNA BERNARD**, whose family was connected with Cromwell's. While they were still only lovers, a difference arose between them one day about—of all things in the world—Nebuchadnezzar's golden image! It is described as being 60 cubits high, and 6 broad. "Now," said Mr. Bentley, "there must be a mistake here. That would be out of all proportion; it ought to have been 10 cubits broad at least," which remark, we are told, "made the good lady weep." The difference was possibly arranged, says a writer, on the basis suggested by another critic, "that the 60 cubits included the pedestal." The marriage was a thoroughly happy one, in spite of Nebuchadnezzar, and lasted forty years. Mr. Bentley was much engaged in lawsuits all his days, and was never spared by evil tongues. Yet of her no word is said but in praise. "Perhaps, if all were known," says Sir Richard Jebb, "few women ever went through more in trying, like Mrs. Thrale, to be civil for two." Her last words were, "It is all bright, it is all glorious." Their favourite daughter was also a **JOANNA**, her father's pet name for her being **JUG**. She had an unusual turn for humorous satire, it seems. "After causing several members of the college to sigh," she married Denison Cumberland and became the mother of Richard Cumberland the dramatist.



**Mr. George Collin.**

*Sketched, by kind permission, from a photograph taken by Mr. J. Lamb,  
Carlton Studios, 8 Fettes Row, Edinburgh.*

*George Collin  
Eyemouth  
Dec 14<sup>th</sup> 1922*

**MR. COLLIN**, late harbourmaster, Eyemouth, Berwickshire, who died in the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, on the 8th of June, aged 68, seems to have been a man of singu-

larly high character and capacity, refusing no task that came in his way, but making the young and the poor his special charge.

I think one incident in his life,

told me by a friend, will interest some of you.

On the 14th October, 1881, when the Eyemouth fleet of fishing boats had just reached their fishing ground and were shooting their lines, a gale burst on them almost without a moment's warning. "That night fell on a weeping town," and the memory of it moves men's hearts to this day, and will move them as long as the name of Eyemouth lasts. The village numbers about 2000 souls. That night 73 women were made widows and 263 children were left fatherless; 129 fishermen had been drowned.

Mr. Collin's boat, *The White Star*, was one of the few that made for the open sea, and as she dashed through the blinding gloom and rain and smoke and smother of the waves, Mr. Collin's comrades heard him singing,

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O receive my soul at last!

Does it not remind you of the famous scene three hundred years ago off Cape Breton? On Monday, 9th September, 1583, "the *Squirrel* was near cast away, yet at that time recovered; and giving forth signs of joy, the General, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, sitting aloft with a book in his hand, cried out to us in the *Hind*, so often as we did approach within hearing, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land.'"

## A Bowling Tournament.

### CHAPTER I.

WE had some good bowlers on our little sea-coast village green, but none better than Tom Blackadder. Indeed, from what we had seen him do, not only amongst ourselves, but in friendly games with clubs from every part of the county, some of us thought that if he would compete at the Sanquhar or other big yearly tournaments, he stood a good chance of winning the first prize. But Tom was never a hunter after medals, or bowls, or plate, or prizes of any sort. "It's a rare game, boys," he would say, "and why should you need a prize to make you play your best? And as for getting £100 at a tournament, it's a sin that there should be any such a thing. We were never meant to make money that way."

Most of the men laughed at him, and said, "Oh, you have always a principle for everything," and they owned that if they could get £100 that way, or any other way, provided it wasn't by downright stealing, they wouldn't think twice about it. I wonder what Tom would have said if he had lived to see the "Five-Shillings-a-day-for-life," and £500-hid-in-a-field" Competitions by which so many magazines and newspapers appeal now-a-days to the greed and the gambling instincts of silly men and women.

### CHAPTER II.

One summer in the '80's a wealthy merchant, who had come to live in our neighbourhood and had dreams



of entering Parliament, after consulting the landlord of our chief inn, a man who was great for Freemasonry, Burns' Clubs, and any kind of thing that promoted what he called good fellowship, offered our Bowling Green a £10 prize in money. I forget the exact terms of the competition, but I remember this, that after a certain number of qualifying rounds each of the picked men who were left had to play all the others. To everyone's astonishment Tom Blackadder gave in his name. The landlord of the inn made a good many jests, or rather the same jest a good many times, about "some people's principles," and about Blackadder's having perhaps as much of the wisdom of the serpent in him after all, as he had of the harmlessness of the dove.

The games took much longer than any of us foresaw, and as the "public-spirited donor" was anxious the competition should be finished before he left for the Continent, that is, Paris, in July, the Committee decreed that all games must be finished by a certain Wednesday. Wednesday was the landlord's suggestion, "it being in the middle of the week," which, if not revelant, was certainly incontrovertible. It dawned upon some of us, later on, that that guileless man, foreseeing that Blackadder, who was full of all subtlety, was not unlikely to be the winner—in which case there would be no drinking of healths—and knowing also that Blackadder had never yet been known to absent himself from the village Wednesday prayer meeting, saw a possible chance this way of diverting the

£10 into a more hopeful channel.

### CHAPTER III.

Broken weather brought the last games of the series to the very Wednesday in question. Blackadder had two men to face that night, and he needed to beat them both to win. The opening game was delayed under various pretexts, through the landlord's management, though he kept in the background, for more than half-an-hour. It was a stiff game. Both men confessed afterwards that they felt that night—what most bowlers feel at least once in a lifetime—that they could do "what they liked" with their bowls. But Blackadder won, all the same, by 21 to 18.

It was now a quarter-to-eight, and the village church bell began to ring for the prayer-meeting. Blackadder took out his watch and looked grave. The landlord laughed; he had no doubt Blackadder would go to the meeting. If he didn't, the £10 might even yet come to the "White Goat Arms" till; but, in any case, it would be worth £10 to have such a crow against religion. Blackadder's opponent, and the only man in the running for the money besides himself, was a young lad newly come to the town. It was only his second season at bowls, but he had shaped splendidly from the beginning. A nice, clean-eyed, clean-limbed fellow; but the landlord hoped to make a Freemason of him, and in our part of the country a good many wives and mothers knew to their sorrow what that meant! And some other ill-doing lads had told their sweethearts, who I am sorry to say giggled

when they heard it—they didn't giggle at such things after they were married!—that one or two elderly men had made a paction to make this newcomer drunk that night, by hook or by crook. They meant to go to the White Goat when the match was over, and the rest would be easy.

Blackadder got a hint of the plot from some words he overheard at the finish of the first game, and that settled his plans there and then. Whether he won or not he was now personally indifferent. What he would do with the money if he got it, he had determined long ago. His one object now was to protract the game till the ten-o'clock bell rang and the public houses would be closed. The Committee had put off time at the beginning of the evening; they could hardly blame him now if he didn't hurry at the end!

When the bell stopped at 8, there came a kind of awe for a moment over the spectators. Tom was the only man, however, who seemed not to notice it. But his heart was at the meeting all the same, and he knew his wife and family would be wondering what had come over him.

#### CHAPTER IV.

At one minute past eight the "jack" was thrown up, and Tom caught the words "filthy lucre," and something about gain being better than godliness after all. It was one of our Bailies who said that. The landlord was smoking furiously. It seemed such a low, mean thing for a man to try to do him out of money,

and none, he felt, but a pharisee and a hypocrite would do it. However, Blackadder hadn't the money in his pocket yet, and any way there would be a lot of drinking that night.

'Twas a great game that, I tell you! Blackadder led off with 3 at the start, to his great annoyance, for he wished to keep the game going till 10 o'clock, if possible. But after that first end things went more slowly, neither he nor Allan Todd, his opponent, scoring more than 1 at a time. Three times neither of them scored, their nearest bowls being equidistant from the jack, and ten times they were "peels,"



that is, all equal. The last end was played at three minutes past ten, the



night, happily, being one of the clearest we had that year. And so the game ended, Blackadder 21, Todd 20.

"It's after ten, unfortunately," said the landlord to the Bailie, "but you can come in as my friend to-night. I think that's quite legal."

"Settled law," said the Bailie.

The two of them spent the next hour declaiming against Pharisees, both of them agreeing that there was a deal too much hypocrisy and hole-and-corner work in the world generally, and in their own village in particular. The Bailie in parting left one-and-threepence for the landlord's daughter "for being a good, obliging girl."

#### CHAPTER V.

Meantime Blackadder had taken his opponent home with him for a bit of supper, having first made him tell the good woman with whom he lodged that he would not be in till a little after eleven. On the way Blackadder told him one or two things that astonished him, first about his own views on prizes, and then about the cruel design that some of the men had formed, "and I know," he added, "they would have used force to do it."

The supper was a simple one, yet very dainty, for it is wonderful what a willing woman with a clever pair of hands can do even without notice, and Mrs. Blackadder besides had her daughter Marjory to help her, and indeed one look at Marjory in in her pretty print might have been supper enough for any man. Then came family worship, the mother singing the treble, the father the

bass, Marjory alto, and her brother tenor. And I know the singing must have been good, for I have often stood under their window myself at night and listened. Allan Todd dreamed that night, not that he was playing bowls, but that he was a girl with wings, practising deep, deep notes!

#### CHAPTER VI.

Next afternoon at dinner time a man called on the minister, at much personal inconvenience and with great sorrow, as he more than once said, to tell him that Mr. Blackadder had been playing bowls and playing for money, too, the night before when he should have been at the prayer-meeting and the deacons' Court that met afterwards.

"I am very sorry," said the minister, "that you should have put yourself so much about to come to me with a bad story. You have never come with a good one all the years I have known you. But I don't believe Mr. Blackadder was playing at bowls, and if he was, I'm pretty sure he wasn't playing for money."

#### CHAPTER VI.

There was a large attendance at the Green that night, and the landlord was just at his best with his jokes when the Secretary came up and summoned them all to hear a letter he had received from our old friend, the rich merchant.

BEACONSFIELD HALL,

25th June.

"Dear Sir,

I received a note this afternoon from the winner of the Bowling Prize asking my permission, for

reasons which he gives, to hand over the £10 to your Fund for improving the Club House on the Green. I confess I do not quite comprehend his scruples, but as a gentleman I am bound to respect them. At the same time, as I do not wish to be surpassed by him in generosity, I have pleasure in adding other £10 to it, making twenty pounds in all.

With best wishes for the Club's success, believe me,

Yours faithfully.

P.S.—I would have called to see you in person, but I start for the Continent to-morrow morning."

## CHAPTER VII.

We had tea and coffee and lemonade and sandwiches on the green when the Club House was opened after the alterations. And there were, quite unexpectedly to the two men most concerned, two presentations. It was the Bailie who made them. He had, he said, a very pleasing duty to perform. The members of the Club, recognising that they owed their present comfortable surroundings in great measure to the self-denial of Mr. Blackadder, had resolved to present his wife with the beautiful brooch he now held in his hand. He confessed he had not always agreed with Mr. Blackadder, but his respect for him had immensely increased during the past few months, and he only wished he was half as good a man as he was; to be half as good a bowler, as they all knew, was past praying for.

But he had another pleasing duty to perform. The runner up at the

great game played last June, a game he ventured to say that had never been surpassed for the skill displayed in it in the annals of bowling—the runner up had been judged equally worthy of some slight mark of recognition. Mr. Allan Todd had proved a great accession to their Green and was showing a worthy example to all young men. He had now the great pleasure of presenting him with a brooch also, and though young men were not in the habit of wearing such things, their wives were, and though there was no Mrs. Todd as yet, nevertheless rumour said there might perhaps be one in the not very distant future, and for reasons which would appear in due time, Mrs. Todd's brooch, while equally handsome and beautiful with her mother's—he begged pardon, but the word had slipped out of his mouth—was of an entirely different design. To have two brooches of the same pattern in one family would be no better than having one!

## CHAPTER VIII.

Some years afterwards when Mr. Blackadder was lying very ill, and Allan and Marjory had been a long time married, the two men were talking very solemnly together. "Do you know," said Allan, "I have often thought it was true what the minister said when he told the man that if you were playing at bowls that night it wasn't for a ten-pound note that you were playing. No; it was *my soul* you were playing for; and you won; and I sometimes think if you hadn't won it that night, I might have lost it for ever."





### Reasons for not going to Church. 5th Series—No. 8.

*This lad came to the City four months ago, but has not gone to Church because he has forgotten the name of the street the Church is in that he was recommended to go to, though he remembers the minister's name. He says he does not like to write back to his own minister in the country, because he is shy and does not like to put people to trouble.*

*Yet this same lad has written three times to "Athletic" newspapers within the last month to ask: 1. The average age, height, and weight of the separate cricketing teams that have played for England against Australia and Australia against England during the last twenty years. 2. How often Abel, Fry, and Ranjitsinhji have been caught during their respective careers—a. at the wicket, b. in the slips, c. at point, d. in the outfield. 3. The name of the man-of-war that Young, the bowler, last served on before he joined the Essex Eleven. And 4. What is Dr. W. G. Grace's present address?*

*When he got the telegram this morning asking him to play this afternoon, and his landlady asked him how he would find out the cricket ground, he said, "Oh! that's easy enough. When I get to the station, I'll go into the first shop I come to and ask for a Directory."*

|    |    |  |
|----|----|--|
| 1  | TU | Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?— <i>Lam. 1, 12.</i>   |
| 2  | W  | My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.— <i>John 5, 17.</i>  |
| 3  | TH | Angels, that do His commandments.— <i>Psa. 103, 20.</i>  |
| 4  | F  | Other men laboured.— <i>John 4, 38.</i>  |
| 5  | S  | None was exempted.— <i>1 Kings 15, 22.</i> In Paris, in 1870, it was decreed that all passers by should add a stone to a certain barricade. The inspecting officer was himself turned by the sentry—"Colonel! your stone, please."   |
| 6  | S  | Ye have an anointing from the Holy One.— <i>1 John 2, 20 (R. V.).</i>  |
| 7  | M  | They took knowledge of Peter and John.— <i>Acts 4, 13.</i>   |
| 8  | TU | This man also was with Jesus.— <i>Matt. 26, 71.</i> The Chinese say that a Christian has a Christian smell, that he can be marked at sight by his face. Even a foreigner will say of a man as he walks on the street, 'That man must be a Christian.' . . . Shu T'ien, though only a schoolboy, had this walk with startling plainness. He could not have passed himself off as a heathen even if he had tried.— <i>Roland Allen's Siege of the Peking Legation.</i> |
| 9  | W  | We are unto God a sweet savour of Christ.— <i>2 Cor. 2, 15.</i>  |
| 10 | TH | Ye are the salt of the earth.— <i>Matt. 5, 13.</i>   |
| 11 | F  | If the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it (the salt) be salted?   |
| 12 | S  | Our savour is abhorred.— <i>Ex. 5, 21.</i>   |
| 13 | S  | Tremble, ye women that are at ease.— <i>Is. 32, 11.</i>  |
| 14 | M  | I have no room where to bestow my fruits.— <i>Luke 12, 17.</i>   |
| 15 | TU | She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.— <i>1 Tim. 5, 6.</i>   |
| 16 | W  | A virtuous woman eateth not the bread of idleness.— <i>Prov. 31, 27.</i>   |
| 17 | TH | The sleep of a labouring man is sweet.— <i>Eccl. 5, 12.</i>  |
| 18 | F  | The abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep. 'Hatfield, Jan. 8, 1891. Lady Salisbury came down to the skating pond, took a broom from one of the numerous sweepers, and swept hard to keep herself warm. It seems many doctors now recommend sweeping for women who need exercise and cannot ride or walk.'— <i>Madame Waddington's Letters.</i>  |
| 19 | S  | In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.— <i>Gen. 3, 19.</i>   |
| 20 | S  | Who hath made man's mouth?— <i>Ex. 4, 11.</i>  |
| 21 | M  | Children, have ye aught to eat?— <i>John 21, 5 (R. V.).</i>  |
| 22 | TU | I have compassion on the multitude; they have nothing to eat:  |
| 23 | W  | If I send them away fasting, they will faint by the way.— <i>Mark 8, 12.</i>   |
| 24 | TH | They did all eat, and were filled.— <i>Matt. 14, 20.</i>   |
| 25 | F  | Likewise of the fishes as much as they would.— <i>John 6, 11.</i> "Lord Lyons had but one defect. His cook was the best in Paris. His dinners were absolutely perfect, but he ate so fast that the waiting at his table went with a lightning speed I was unable to keep up with. I have gone through many such experiences at Royal tables, finding it impossible to get a fair meal."— <i>Recollections of a Diplomatist, by Sir Horace Rumbold, G.C.B.</i>        |
| 26 | S  | He that cometh to Me shall never hunger.— <i>John 6, 35.</i>   |
| 27 | S  | Come, ye children: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.— <i>Psa. 34, 11.</i> "In the little schooling that fell to my lot, I came for a few months under the influence of a man of high type. Hardly a lesson passed which he did not use as an opportunity to rub in some phase of our duty to God and ourselves."— <i>Ambrose Shepherd.</i>  |
| 28 | M  | Women, teachers of good things.— <i>Titus 2, 3.</i>  |
| 29 | TU | A teacher come from God.— <i>John 3, 2.</i>  |
| 30 | W  | False teachers, who shall bring upon themselves swift destruction.— <i>3 Pet. 2, 1.</i>  |



# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 10.

"Where Envy is, there  
is Confusion."

—James 3, 16.

*The girl in the air has no Mother, and she sees the Policeman coming—he has chased her away three times already to-day—and she envies the other little girl her nice dress and her pretty doll. And the other girl, who is going to the Dentist's to get two teeth pulled out, would far rather be having a swing!*



*Vols. i. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.*

*Vols. XIV. and XV., 1901, 1902, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

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*I must work the works of Him That sent Me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work. John 9, 4.*

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MR RUSKIN in a letter written to Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, Bart., K.C.B., Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford, warning him against overwork, gives a fine description of a beloved physician's busy life. "I never saw such a life," he says, "as you live—you were never able so much as to put a piece of meat in your mouth without writing a note at the side of your plate—you were everlastingly going somewhere and going somewhere else on the way to it—and doing something on the way to somewhere else, and something else at the same time that you did the something—and then another thing by the bye—and two or three other things besides—and then—wherever you went, there were always five or six people lying in wait at corners and catching hold of you and asking questions, and leading you aside into private conferences and making engagements to come at a quarter to six—and send two other people at a quarter-past—and three or four more to hear what had been said to them at five-and-twenty minutes past—and to have an answer

to a note at half-past—and get tickets for the soup-kitchen at five-and-twenty minutes to seven—and just to see you in the passage as you were going to dinner—and so on."

That was the kind of life, I think we may say with reverence, that our Saviour led, especially during the three years of His ministry. "He went about doing good." "Much people followed Him, and thronged Him." "Master, the multitudes press Thee, and crush Thee." "Many followed Him, and He healed them all." And when there were so many coming and going that He and His disciples "had no leisure so much as to eat," and He was compelled both for their sakes and His Own to go away in a boat to a desert place apart, even then the people followed Him, and Luke tells us—ch. 9, v. 11. Revised Version—"He welcomed them." Yes, welcomed them! And when He came back from the country of the Gadarenes, "the multitude welcomed Him, for they were all waiting for Him." You remember, too, what happened at Capernaum when it became known that He was in a house in the city. "Many were gathered together, so that there was no longer room for them, no, not even about the door: and He spake the word unto them." And when four men came carrying a man who had palsy, and found they could not come nigh unto Him for the crowd, they went upon the housetop and uncovered the roof, and broke it up, and let the sick man down through



the tiles in his bed straight in front of Him! The best man that ever lived would have called that great *impudence*, but He called it *faith*, and was well pleased. No wonder

the Psalmist bids us praise Him and glorify Him,

For He despised not nor abhorred  
The afflicted's misery,  
Nor from him hid His face, but heard  
When he to Him did cry.



*In due season we shall reap, if we faint not.—Gal. 6, 9.*

**What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.**

**A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.**

*(Continued from page 100.)*

What  
is thy  
name?

Joan.

JOHANNA CHANDLER, 1820-1875, and her sisters, who were all early left orphans, devoted themselves to providing a hospital for paralytics. Having learned to make flowers and ornaments of West India shells, strung together with beads, they made £200 in two years, and then applied to the public for subscriptions. After a time, with the help of the Lord Mayor, himself a sufferer from paralysis, they succeeded in having a hospital opened in London.

Miss Chandler founded other institutions besides. After her death her brother carried on her work till he himself died in 1881.

What  
is thy  
name?

Joan.

Sir Reginald Bray (died 1503), statesman and architect, who built Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster and that of St. George at Windsor, had a JOAN TROUGHTON for his mother. He was a fervent lover of justice, "and if any thing were done against good law and equity, he would plainly reprehend the king, and give him good advertisement how to reform that offence, and be more circumspect in another case."

JOAN WASTE, aged 22, was burnt at Derby in 1556 for refusing to believe in the Romish doctrine of the Mass. She was blind from her birth. When she was twelve, "she learned to knit hosen and sleeves, and would help her father also to make ropes, and do such other things as she was able, and in no case would be idle." After her parents' death she and her brother, through hearing sermons and homilies, became "marvellously well affected to Protestantism." "So at length, having by her labour gotten and saved so much money as would buy her a New Testament, she caused one to be provided for her." Then finding out a man who could read, one John Hurt, a prisoner in the common hall for debt, who was many times idle and without company, she got him to read her one chapter every day. At other times, when he was unable to oblige her, "she would give a penny or two, as she might spare, to such persons as would not freely read unto her, appointing unto them aforehand how many chapters of the New Testament they should read, or how often they should repeat one chapter, upon a price." The chancellor of the diocese, Dr. Draicot, was so much grieved at her death, we are told, that he went to his inn, and there laid him down and slept during all the time of her execution!

JENNY, or more properly JOHANNA LIND, afterwards Madame Goldschmidt, 1820-1887, "the Swedish Nightingale," was the greatest and best beloved of all the singers of last century. The first person to take notice of her marvellous gift was a servant who passed her window and heard her singing to a cat. Her voice was soprano, "extending for two octaves and a sixth, from B below the treble stave to G on the fourth line above it." She was a modest, generous, and, above all, a godly woman.

Jocosa  
or  
Joyce.

JOCOSA or JOYCE as a girl's name is not uncommon in some parts of England. It is connected with the Latin word *jocus*, and our own *joy*, and means *full of mirth*.

Mrs. Joyce Lewes, a gentlewoman born, was burnt in 1557 at Lichfield, Staffordshire. When she was first cited before the Bishop for refusing to be sprinkled with holy water, her husband compelled the man who brought the citation to eat the document, and then drink to it, but after a time he apologised, and allowed her to be cast into prison. There she lay a whole twelvemonth, "wonderfully cheerful and merry," specially the night before she died, "with a certain gravity, insomuch that the majesty of the Spirit of God did manifestly appear in her." "As for death," she said, "when I behold the amiable countenance of Christ, its uglisome face doth not greatly trouble me." When she was tied to the stake, "her cheerfulness passed man's reason," and when the fire was set upon her, "she neither struggled nor stirred, but only lifted up her hands towards heaven."



What  
is thy  
name?

Joyce.

MRS. JOCOSA FRANKLAND, 1531-1587, daughter of Robert Trappes, a goldsmith of London, and Joan his wife, devoted all her wealth to educational endowments in memory of her only son who died young, and was such a benefactress to Brasenose College, Oxford, that her name is included amongst the mercies for which the College desires to thank God, in the grace after meat that is daily repeated in the dining Hall.



*A Seller of Dates in Constantinople*





THAT young woman—and she used to be so pretty and tidy and clean!—got into debt by buying

things at the door from a plausible English scoundrel, and agreeing to pay a shilling, and then eighteen-



pence, a-week for them. When trade became bad and she could not pay, he affronted her husband on the street, and then, poor creature, instead of telling her husband the whole truth, she told him lies, and more lies, and one day he struck her, and she lost heart, and began to take drink.

She has just been asking Mary Hughes to buy a small bottle of whiskey for her at the licensed grocer's, "but she is not to tell who sent her, and she will get a penny to herself." But Mary, I am glad to say, has refused, for her mother has taught her these two things, never to buy drink, and never to do anything "on the sly."

---

*Ye have wept in the ears of the Lord, saying, Who shall give us flesh to eat? for it was well with us in Egypt: therefore the Lord will give you flesh, and ye shall eat. Ye shall not eat one day, nor two days, nor five days, neither ten days, nor twenty days; but even a whole month, until it come out at your nostrils, and it be loathsome unto you.—Numbers 11, 18.*

**P**RINCE ARTHUR, Duke of Connaught, when a boy, was placed under a military governor, as his parents determined from his infancy that he should be a soldier. The toys given him were chiefly things of a military nature, such as trumpets and drums. Drumming, it seems, was his favourite amusement on wet days, to the great annoyance at times both of his tutor and his mother. One day, says Mrs. Emily Crawford, in her *Life of the late Queen*, he was beating away at his drum as usual, when his governor told him to lay it down. The boy

obeyed for a little, but presently took it up and began again.

"Very well," said the governor, "you will now play on until I tell you to stop."

So the boy drummed away, and was kept drumming till he could scarcely lift his arms. But whenever he flagged, he was told to "put more spirit into it," and to "keep better time."

And so he was kept playing on and on, till he felt as if his head would split and his eyes start from their sockets. But still he had to keep at it, till at last, heaving a pitiful sigh, he gave an imploring look to his governor.

"Have you had enough of your favourite pastime?"

"Yes, sir, quite enough, thank you."

"Very well, you may leave off now, and take a run on the terrace."

Prince Arthur never drummed again, nor, adds Mrs. Crawford, did he complain of his governor.

When my old teacher Dr. Patrick M'Kinlay, one of the Classical Masters in the High School of Glasgow, was on his death-bed, he told me a story one day that had just been told him by his previous visitor, Mr. Clark of Mile-end, a well-known Glasgow manufacturer.

His youngest office boy, on one occasion, a lad fresh from school, had kept back twopence which he had received in change. On being questioned he owned that he had spent the money in sweetmeats.

"Are you very fond of sweetmeats?" said Mr. Clark.

"Yes, sir."

"Oh then, I must give you some," and so saying sent him for a large bagful.

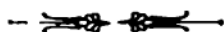
When he came back, he was told to sit down and eat them. The boy, nothing loath, yet greatly astonished, sat down and ate and ate with, after a time, a constantly diminishing vigour. But whenever he halted, his master said, "Eat away, you know you are very fond of sweet-meats."

Finally he stopped eating.

"Eat away, you have got to finish them, and you know you are very fond of them. Eat away."

So once more he set to, but all in vain, and then he burst out crying, "As sure as anything, sir, I'm no fit!"

"And," Mr. Clark had added, "I never had to reprove that boy again, and he is with me to this day."



Christopher Bradley,

OR

## The Adventures of a Thoughtless Boy.

*Cleanse Thou me from secret faults.—*

*Ps. 19, 12.*

### CHAPTER I.

No one, least of all himself, would have called Christopher Bradley a bad boy, or an ill-disposed, evil-hearted boy. A little mischievous, perhaps, one or two would have dared to say, but the general verdict, if it had been thought necessary to pass a verdict on a boy who hardly ever seemed to do anything out of the way, would have been, "a bit thoughtless."

Let me tell you some of the things he did one forenoon, and then you may judge for yourselves what kind of boy he was.

What he did in the house before he left for school at ten minutes past nine, I don't know, but I warrant you that like us all he was doing *something*.

1. His first exploit, on going out, was to lift a plug which covered the entrance to a water-pipe on the street, and to leave it lying on its side. An old gentleman, whose horse many years before had come down in the dark through putting its foot in a similar hole, saw what the boy had done, and coming out in his slippers to put it right caught a chill, for it was a very wet morning, and narrowly escaped pneumonia in consequence. As it was, he had to spend twelve days in bed, and that upset I don't know how many people's arrangements for that whole summer.

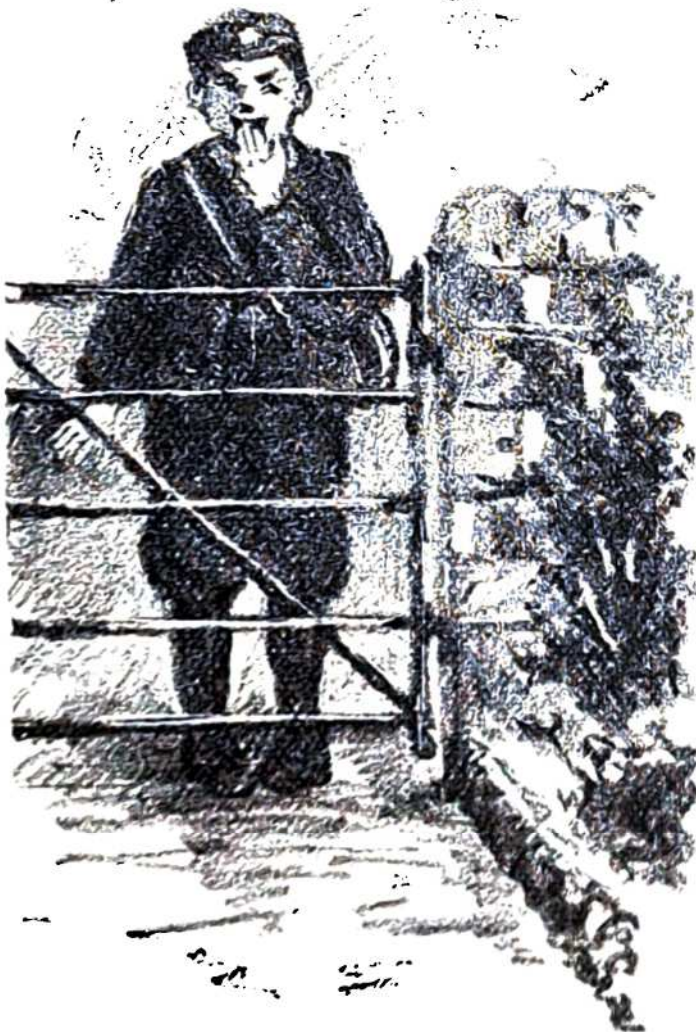


2. A hundred yards further on, Christopher threw a stone at a pretty little black cat with such a funny white chin—it just looked as if it



had been going to shave. As he didn't mean to hurt it, it is a little difficult to know why he threw the stone. But he missed it, and I suppose he thought he had done no harm. But half-an-hour after, a little barefooted boy knocked his sore toe against the stone which was left lying on the pavement, and had a good cry over it.

3. Passing the vacant ground next the railway that is enclosed by a high paling of disused sleepers, he threw a bit of brick at a newly painted notice board, and struck a goat on the face that he didn't



know to be there, tethered close by.

4. Seeing an iron gate open at an entry he banged it to, for the fun of the thing, and wakened two babies in the tenement, as also a man who, after a night's drinking, was on the point of falling asleep. What his wife passed through the next two hours, none but a drunkard's wife can imagine.

5. Four minutes afterwards, in the school playground, like Ahimaaz—you may read it in the story of Absalom—"I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was." There was a little boy crying over something or other that had been smashed. Tommie Richardson, I heard later on, got the blame of it, but it was Bradley that did it, though, as usual, quite unintentionally.

6. Being in one of his giggling moods that day, he made the two boys beside him in his class behave so provokingly that the headmaster, who took the class that morning, became irritable, and spoke most unkindly to a young assistant in the next room. That assistant had to teach in the afternoon before a deputation from a School Board in Fifeshire who were on the look-out for a master for the chief school in one of the prettiest places on the East Coast. The assistant, who had been greatly put about by the way he had been spoken to, did not do himself justice before the deputation, and lost the appointment, and that delayed his marriage to a very nice young woman for three years.

7. Coming down stairs at the play hour, Bradley gave a boy a

push, and he pushed another, and that other a third, and he in turn came against a little girl who, stepping backwards, struck Amelia Macfadyen in the mouth with the back of her head and knocked out two of her front teeth. And what the loss of those two teeth meant to Amelia, and others besides her, I could only tell you by giving you her history for the next five-and-twenty years.

What other things that boy did that forenoon I do not know, but these seven things at least he did, and all that accompanied or flowed from them. That was three hours' work, and as there are twelve hours in the day, and six working days in the week—not to say seven—and fifty-two weeks in the year, and a good many years before a boy of twelve becomes a man of one-and-thirty, you may guess that Christopher's life was tolerably fruitful in consequences to a good many people. And yet if you had asked him, or his mother, what he had been doing that forenoon, or any other forenoon in his boyhood and early manhood, the answer would invariably have been that he hadn't been doing *anything*!

## CHAPTER II.

But a man's deeds like chickens come home to roost. That which is our own, sooner or later, comes always back to us. And so it was, inevitably, with Christopher Bradley. He was an engineer, and in spite of his want of imagination fairly clever in some special branches of his calling. And he lived at a time

when a number of very good appointments, especially abroad, came in the way of young men like himself. Time after time Bradley applied, time after time he was on the short leet, but something always came in the way, and another stepped in before him. Once his certificates went amissing; another time his best testimonial was read out, by a clerk's mistake, before the committee of selection as the testimonial of his chief competitor; a third time an important paper was posted in a letter-box from which there was no collection for other sixteen hours owing to an autumn holiday, and the delay proved fatal to his chance. To give only one other instance, he was once actually appointed to a fine situation in South America, £35 a month to begin with, on condition that he could start for Valparaiso in five days, when some boys playing football in the dark on the very street where he threw the stone at the white-chinned cat, knocked him down and broke his leg, and it was eight weeks before he left his room. The man who went out in his place has £1,200 a year now in Buenos Ayres, with as pretty a house as you ever saw!

When he was lying ill, one of his mates said to him, "You are about the unluckiest fellow I ever saw, Bradley! I wonder what's the cause of it."

"I often wonder at that myself," was his answer, "for everybody and everything seems to go against me, and I'm sure *I never did anybody any harm in my life.*"





### Reasons for not going to Church. 5th Series—No. 9.

*This lad agreed to play as a substitute at a practice game at Football one Saturday lately; but he didn't go to Church next day because he had heard on the Thursday of the death, five weeks before, of his married sister in Iquique, Chili. It was a great shock to him, for he was very fond of her and had intended writing to her every month for the last five years but something always came in the way. There are people, he owns, who would have gone to Church in such circumstances, with their only sister lying in a grave in South America; he doesn't say they have no feelings—every man must answer for himself—but only that he himself couldn't do it.*

|    |    |   |
|----|----|---|
| 1  | TH | And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter.— <i>Luke 22, 61.</i>   |
| 2  | F  | Him hath God exalted to give repentance.— <i>Acts 5, 31.</i> A text that Charles Simeon of Cambridge loved.   |
| 3  | S  | Lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.— <i>Psa. 4, 6.</i>   |
| 4  | S  | 'Αγαπητοὶ ἀγαπῶμεν ἀλλήλους. Agapētoi, Beloved, agapōmen, let us love, allēlous, one another.— <i>1 John 4, 7.</i>  |
| 5  | M  | I love my master.— <i>Ex. 21, 5.</i> R. L. Stevenson, asking for bread and cheese once when his cook was away, was surprised when his Samoan boy brought him an excellent meal. "Who cooked this, Sosimo?" "I did." "Great is your wisdom." "No, master," said the boy bowing, "great is my love."  |
| 6  | TU | Doing the will of God from the heart.— <i>Eph. 6, 6.</i>  |
| 7  | W  | With good will doing service, as to the Lord :  |
| 8  | TH | Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive.  |
| 9  | F  | And ye, masters, do the same things unto them :   |
| 10 | S  | Knowing that your Master also is in heaven.   |
| 11 | S  | Detained before the Lord.— <i>1 Sam. 21, 7.</i>   |
| 12 | M  | One thing will I seek after, to inquire in His temple.— <i>Psa. 27, 4.</i>  |
| 13 | TU | O Lord, Thy thoughts are very deep.   |
| 14 | W  | A brutish man knoweth not.— <i>Psa. 92, 6.</i>  |
| 15 | TH | Judas (not Iscariot) saith unto Him.— <i>John 14, 22 (R. V.).</i> "I would give a man a degree for asking twelve good questions."— <i>The late Bishop Westcott.</i>   |
| 16 | F  | Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us?  |
| 17 | S  | The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.— <i>Psa. 25, 14.</i>   |
| 18 | S  | Let us have grace whereby we may serve God with reverence.— <i>Heb. 12, 28.</i>   |
| 19 | M  | When Peter heard it was the Lord, he girt his fisher's coat unto him.— <i>John 21, 7.</i>   |
| 20 | TU | Sanctify yourselves.— <i>Josh. 7, 13.</i>   |
| 21 | W  | There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel.  |
| 22 | TH | Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience.— <i>Heb. 10, 22.</i>   |
| 23 | F  | And our bodies washed with pure water. "I am like the old Manchester woman who could never kneel down comfortably to say her prayers, till she had first swept the floor and whitened the hearth and given herself a good wash."— <i>Mrs. Carlyle.</i>  |
| 24 | S  | Clean every whit.— <i>John 13, 10.</i>  |
| 25 | S  | Even what my God saith, that will I speak.— <i>2 Chron. 18, 6-13.</i>   |
| 26 | M  | I hate him, for he never prophesied good unto me.   |
| 27 | TU | Speak unto us smooth things.— <i>Is. 30, 10.</i>  |
| 28 | W  | Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.— <i>Luke 6, 26.</i>  |
| 29 | TH | The world cannot hate you. "His deportment in all human relations was squared by the rules of morality and religion, under the constant direction of consummate prudence, whilst his equanimity under all events in an inviolable adherence to the Golden Medium made him easy to himself and agreeable to others."— <i>Epitaph in Carlisle Cathedral on Bishop Fleming</i> , "whose regretted dissolution was July 2, 1747." |
| 30 | F  | But Me it hateth, because I testify of it.  |
| 31 | S  | Whosoever doth not bear his cross cannot be My disciple.— <i>Luke 14, 27.</i>   |



November, 1903.

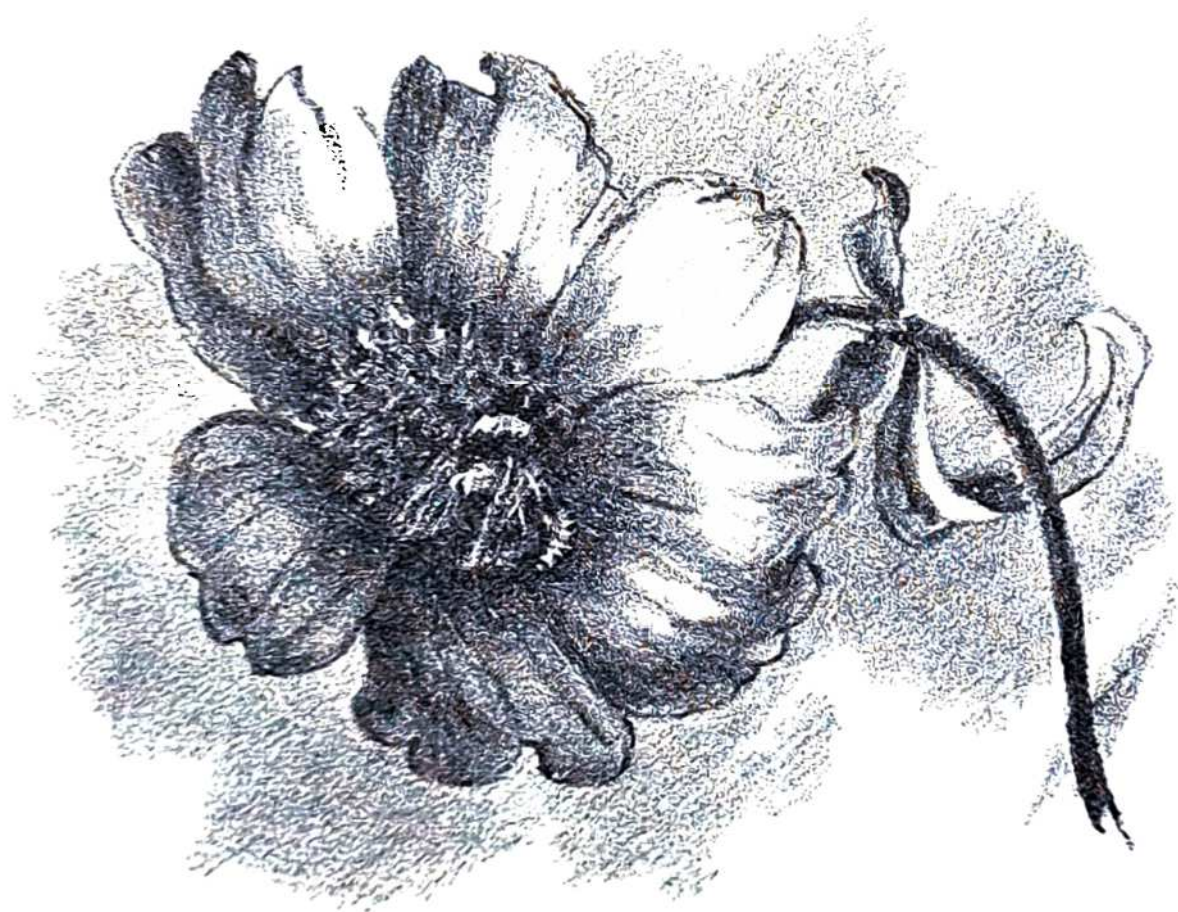
One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVI.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 11.



The Dahlia and the Bee.

*Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.*

*Vols. XIV. and XV., 1901, 1902, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.*

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*Shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?—Matt. 6, 30.*

THE flowers in a certain garden were always pleased when their mistress came out to cut them for her table, but they were specially well pleased when they found they were to be put on the tables in the church corridor or in the porch, either on the prayer-meeting night, or on the Sabbath day. Whilst they were very glad, therefore, to be at their best on any day of the week, they preferred to be ready for pulling on Wednesday or Saturday, for in that case they had a chance of getting to church.

September, you may recollect, was very wet in some places, and the flowers in this garden were not so plentiful as usual. Every one, therefore, that came out was pretty sure to be noticed. In one of the corners there was one lovely crimson single dahlia that came out, to its own great astonishment, during a burst of sunshine one Friday afternoon. Its place for the Sabbath, it felt, was now secure. But that night there was another blast of wind and rain, and some sweet-peas close by were blown down from their stakes right on the dahlia's top. It was just going to say "I wish you

had not done that," when it noticed that some of the sweet-pea flowers were trying to speak. Being only half-opened they were not able to speak very distinctly, but the dahlia made out this much, that they would have liked to have bloomed if only for one hour, before the storm had laid them low. The dahlia saw that their trial was worse than its.

The Saturday forenoon was more boisterous still, and most of the flowers in the garden were sorely bruised and tarnished. About one o'clock the weather cleared, and the lady made up three or four bouquets. Then, in trying to lift up the sweet-peas, she found the flower which they had sheltered.

It was on its way to the church in a little basket, when a gust of wind swept it out against a wall at the corner of the street. The lady, not noticing it, passed on, and the poor dahlia was disconsolate. "This is a judgment on me," it said, "for not thanking the sweet-peas for protecting me from the wind and cold, and I well deserve it." But the next minute, a poor bee that had been beaten down by the wind and rain, and was lying half-benumbed, felt, as it were in a dream, a gracious odour, and "deeming that it drew near to some country" opened its eyes, and saw, like Hagar in the wilderness, a fount of nourishment that had been opened by a miracle! So it ate and drank and was refreshed, and carried some home besides, as it went on its way rejoicing.

A little after that, three children, two boys and a girl, who had been



spending a somewhat disappointing day at the coast, and were now on their way to the train with their parents and with the humble spoils they had gathered that day—some whelks and mussels, and a live crab about the size of a sixpence, and a few dandelion leaves—found the dahlia and carried it home five-and-twenty miles. The whelks and mussels were alive, alive oh! for only a few hours. The crab went steadily back—not backwards, though!—till the Tuesday when it died, a saucerful of fresh water proving but a poor substitute for its ocean bed. But the dahlia lived for a week, and was on exhibition all

that time to friends and neighbours. From a catalogue in a florist's window they found out its name, and from the dictionary they learned that it was a native of Mexico, though it was from a Swedish botanist called Dahl that it received its name. And perhaps years after this, some girl who may read this may get up dux in her class, or win a few marks in some competition, because she knows how to spell that difficult word.

And yet the poor dahlia thought that Saturday morning that its life and its history had alike both come to an end.

### What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCLES. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 113.)

What  
is thy  
name?

Judith.

Esau, forgetting the charming story he must have heard so often of his own mother's wooing, and despising the oath which Abraham laid on Eliezer, "by the God of heaven and the God of earth," that he would not take a wife for Isaac from amongst the Canaanites, married JUDITH, that is, the "one that was praised," a daughter of Heth, "which was a grief of mind to Isaac and Rebecca," and, one may be sure, no great help or joy even to Esau himself.

Oh! if you boys and girls who read this were wise, though you don't know what the prayer means, you would plead with God this very moment that He Himself would choose your life-companions for you.

JUDITH was the name of a Jewish heroine, whether a real or a mythical person is not certain, said to have been a rich young widow of the tribe of Simeon, who saved her country by cutting off the head of Holofernes, the commander of an Assyrian army, as he lay in a drunken stupor, in his own tent.

Ethelwulf, the father of Alfred the Great, forfeited the goodwill of his nobles, and lost part of his Kingdom, by his second marriage to JUDITH, daughter of Charles the Bald, he being over 60, and she about 12.

The marriage of JUDITH of Flanders, aunt of William the Conqueror's wife Matilda, to Tostig, was one of the things that brought about the transfer of the Crown of England to the Norman line.

What  
is thy  
name?

Judith.

William the Conqueror had also a niece, a beautiful woman, named JUDITH. He gave her in marriage to the Saxon leader Waltheof, and so won him over to his cause. Waltheof was afterwards drawn into a plot. His wife betraying him, he was beheaded outside the gates of Winchester, the first English nobleman to die by the hands of the public executioner. When he came to the place where he was to die—it was on a May morning in 1076, before the citizens were out of their beds—he took the robes he wore as an Earl and gave them to the few poor men who stood by. He asked that he might say the Lord's Prayer before he died. When he had said, "Lead us not into temptation," his voice was choked with emotion. The executioner would wait no longer, and cut off his head with one blow. It is said that all the time he was in prison Waltheof recited the whole of the Psalms every day.

(The Book of Psalms can be read aloud easily, 150 words a minute, in about 5 hours; the whole of the Old Testament, at the same rate, in about 65 hours, and the whole of the New, in about 20.)

JUDITH DE LA CHEROIS, one of a Huguenot family of seven, of noble birth, who had to flee from France during the persecution that followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, died in Ireland at the age of 113. A few days before her death she was found teaching a little child the Lord's Prayer. To one of her brothers, and specially to her connections by marriage the Crommelins, who were likewise Huguenot exiles, Ireland owes its world-famed linen industry. Samuel Crommelin, the most distinguished of the family, had for his wife JUDITH TRUFFET.

Sir Moses Montefiore, Bart., who died in 1885 at the age of 101, was married in 1812 to JUDITH COHEN, sister of the Baroness Nathan Rothschild. He retired from business when he was forty, having made a large fortune by banking and stockbroking, his wife saying to him on the occasion, "Thank God, and be content." The rest of his life he devoted almost entirely to the service of the Jewish race at home and abroad. When he visited Russia thirteen years before his death, the Czar left his troops, who were engaged in their annual manœuvres, and went a long journey to St. Petersburg, expressly to meet him. Lady Montefiore shared all the risks and hardships of her husband's many wanderings. Once, when he was going to Palestine in the time of plague, he begged her to stay at home, but she answered, in Ruth's words, "Where thou goest, I will go." They were so happy in their wedded life, that whenever he was asked to perform any public function, such as the laying of a foundation stone, he always fixed the date, if the choice were left to him, for the anniversary of his marriage. She died in 1862. They are buried together at Ramsgate in a tomb which is the exact copy of Rachel's on the way to Bethlehem. When Sir Moses was made a baronet, he chose for his motto, THINK AND THANK. In his coat of arms there are two banners, each bearing the word, in Hebrew letters, JERUSALEM.



### A Morning Hymn.

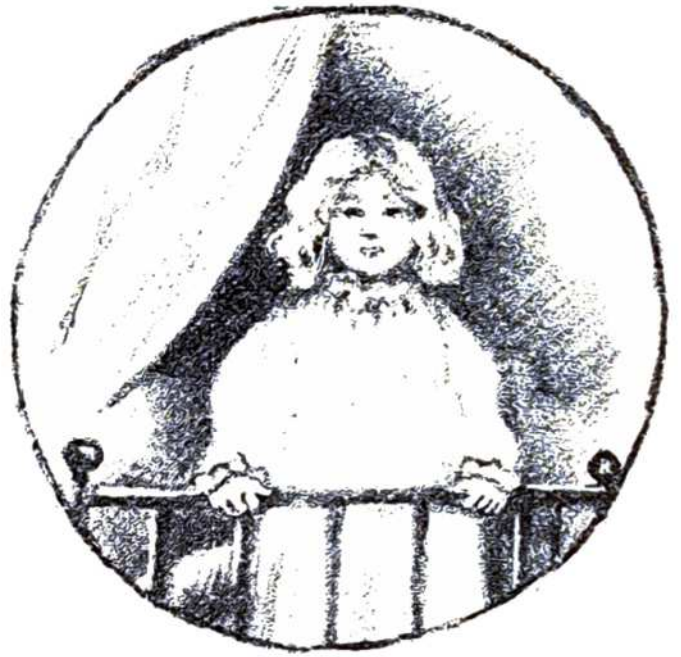
Now the night is over,  
Sunlight fills my eyes,  
Moon and stars have vanished  
From the clear blue skies.

Birds in happy chorus  
Chant their simple lays.  
Listen, Heavenly Father,  
To my hymn of praise.



Thou hast safely kept me  
Through the silent night ;  
I, by Thy great mercy,  
Hail the morning light.

Bending o'er my pillow,  
Loving faces shine ;



Thanks for these I render  
To Thy love Divine.

That great love has lighted  
Those glad looks of love,  
For each good gift cometh  
Down from Heaven above.

Thou hast been about me  
Ever since my birth,  
Given me food and raiment,  
Friends, and home, and mirth.

Let me not in pleasure  
Idly spend this day ;  
Keep me ever walking  
In the narrow way.

Through my life protect me ;  
Take me when I die,  
O ! most blessed Saviour,  
To Thy home on high.

J. M.

*I wish I were at liberty to tell you who  
J. M. is.—Ed. M. W.*





Common  
Ling Heather  
and  
Bell Heather.

*Thus saith the Lord of hosts, The streets of Jerusalem shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.—Zech. 8, 5.*

**T**HERE is a game, new to me and to many others, played in some parts of our town. The boy or girl who is "not," whom we shall call "Number One," stands on one side of the street with his face close to the wall and his eyes shut. The rest of the players stand on the other side of the street with one

foot on the pavement, or with one hand touching the wall. The game consists in seeing how quickly they can cross the street and touch the wall where Number One is. Only they must do it without being seen. Number One is allowed to turn round and look as often as he pleases, in order to catch with his eye, if he can, the others in the act of crossing. Their object, on the other hand, is to step or run forward



Walking Tig  
or  
Stepping Coo=ee!



while he is not looking, and to stand absolutely still the instant he begins to turn his head. If, when he turns round, he sees any of them in the middle of a step, or running, he names or points his finger at them, and they have to go back to the wall or pavement from which they started and begin over again. Those who are clever enough, or fortunate enough, to be standing still when Number One turns round, remain where they are, and try to steal as many steps further forward as they can, the moment Number One turns his face to the wall again. Sometimes a boy or girl will be caught moving when he has almost reached the wall. The one that was first becomes last, and the last may become first. And so the game goes on till all, or all but one, have

managed to cross the street. The last to do it becomes Number One in turn, and so the game goes on again.

It is not easy to describe a game. It is as hard as trying to describe eating or drinking or walking, or any other elementary action. Several times of late I have tried to describe this game in conversation to very intelligent people, and every time, before I have got half way, they have interrupted me and begun to describe some other game that is as old as the hills! The right way and the only way to understand a game or any other thing is *to try to do it*. You have heard of the centipede which was asked which foot it moved first, and the question so puzzled it that it died in the ditch—thinking! *Solvitur ambulando*. It

should have settled the question not by thinking, but by walking.

To me—but then alas! I'm not a boy—"Walking tig" seems a delightful, almost an ideal game. The players may be either boys or girls, or both. Two can play as well as ten, and the more the merrier. It costs no money, it needs no preparation, and no apparatus, nothing but a width of street, and not even that, for it may be played in a little room indoors. There is no time wasted or lost at any part of it. Everyone has something to do, and in consequence there seems less quarrelling at it than over any other game, so far as I have seen. It trains both eye and ear, and teaches both grace and dexterity of movement, and it gives scope for all the innocent little tricks of childhood. It does not waste the boots unduly. It is not a noisy game, and indeed, if there is a sick neighbour, it can be played in almost perfect silence. And, above all, it is a game at which no one need lose heart, however slow of foot, for here the race is not always to the swift nor the battle always to the strong.

God likes to see boys and girls playing. Our Lord Himself played when He was a Child, and when He became a Man He watched them at their games in the market-place, and was grieved to see them quarrelling. Never play at any game that He would not have joined in, and never play even at a good game at a time or in a way of which He would not have approved.

## A Mother in Israel.

*Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. . . . She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.--Prov. 31, 10-31.*

THE late Dr. Robert Wallace, sometime Professor in Edinburgh University, then Editor of the *Scotsman*, and latterly Member of Parliament, was the son of a Fife-shire gardener whose wages were a free house, the run of the garden, and from ten to twelve shillings a week paid half-yearly. Out of that money he and his wife had to buy coals, bread, groceries, and clothes for themselves and their five children, and pay their doctor's and schoolmaster's fees. Porridge and milk and Scotch broth were their staple articles of diet, butcher meat never entering their mouths. It was the wife's clever management, of course, that made all this possible. She was a woman, says her son, of acute intelligence and refined taste. "There was no coarseness, nor inelegance, nor vulgarity in the house. Everything was put in its proper place and kept spotlessly clean. We had a plain, very plain, tablecloth at every meal. We had at first no carpets or hearthrugs, but my mother manufactured them herself by clipping up the clothes in which we could no longer face the public into small pieces, and then stitching them on to sheets of cheap canvas, a work that must have been as tedious as Penelope's web. As she was a firm believer in James' dictum that "if any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man,



and able also to bridle the whole body," she and my father set their faces like flints against "vulgar words," of which there were only too many about. I never heard a coarse or even undignified expression in the house of my boyhood. . . .

Our life, of course, was a day-to-day struggle with difficulty, that might have broken down at any moment. But there never was any break down or relaxation of effort. In too many instances amongst poor people of our class, the fight with difficulties was given up, and things were allowed to drift and sink into hugger-mugger. I am convinced that much of the misery of poverty is due to the abandonment of energetic and continuous effort to make the best of it."

Dr. Wallace tells us also in his fragment of *Autobiography*, that when he was but a little child he used to see his mother going into the room, not much bigger than a press, in which they kept their small collection of books, there to pray to her Father, and the sound of her voice filled him with awe.

—•—•—•—•—•—•—  
*He that seeketh findeth: and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.*

—Luke II, 10.

**W**E had Mr. Chamberlain in Greenock lately, and our huge Town Hall, in which he spoke, with its double rows of galleries—and of it we may say as Mr. Gladstone said of Exeter Hall in London, that "when crammed it is really a grand spectacle"—was literally filled from floor to ceiling. Most people who are interested in men and things,

however little they esteem either him or his policy, were anxious at least to see him and hear his voice, and thousands, many from distant parts of the country, applied for tickets in vain. For some days beforehand one was continually meeting people who were lamenting over their disappointment. To all such who spoke to me I used to say, "Go along to the Town Hall about 9 o'clock; by that time the keepers of the doors will no longer be on guard; the audience will have shaken down into their places just as meal settles down in a barrel that has been filled; and, besides, people will be coming out, some to catch a train, some because they can't hear, some because they get nervous in a crush, and many more because they are tired and disappointed." I told them further that I had learnt all that by long experience. If a man is *determined* to get in anywhere, he will get in.

Yet, when I heard of the crowds who had been waiting in the streets for hours, I almost lost faith in my own theory, so that when I went along myself about half-past nine, after our prayer-meeting was over, it was not with the hope of getting in, but simply to have a look at the eager waiting crowds. And, lo! when I reached the outer porch, there was no man there! and in I got with the greatest ease, and saw the man, and heard his peroration. And then there were votes of thanks, and when he rose up a second time to speak in acknowledgment of them, hundreds of people could have got into the

building had they been waiting at the door. And yet, ever since, I have been meeting persons who say, "I would have given anything just to be able to say I had heard his voice, but it was impossible to get in."

What has been said does not apply to meetings you have to *pay* to get into. In such cases, either pay like an honest man, or stay outside. Further, if you go to a meeting whose purpose you disapprove of, you must keep quiet in it.

I once heard Dr. Whyte of St. George's, Edinburgh, in pretty much the same way. The only chance I had ever had before of hearing him preach—it was a week-night—I had foolishly thrown away when I was a boy. When, therefore, he came to our town on a Sabbath-day some years ago, I determined, if possible, to undo the blunder I had never ceased regretting all these years. Owing to another meeting of which I had charge, I was nearly an hour late when I got to the church where Dr. Whyte was preaching. But the doors were shut, and barred from the inside. A lad who was standing there told me the building was crammed full, and hundreds had gone away. Well, I thought, if the building is so full as that, somebody will be sure to turn faint, and will have to come out, and then will be my chance! And I kept running round and round the building, watching the different doors, every now and again hearing the sound of the preacher's voice, but unable to make out what he said, and then at last a door opened, and out came a

lady convoyed by two friends, and in I went, and heard such words from Dr. Whyte as I trust I shall never forget.

Now, that is the way to get into the kingdom of heaven. Don't go away because you don't seem to get in the first time you knock. It is Christ Himself Who tells us not only to knock, but to keep knocking; to "STRIVE to enter in, for many will *seek* to enter in, and shall not be able." Nay, is it not God Himself Who sends out messengers to say to us, "Yet there is room? Come in that My house may be filled."

---

*There is not among us any that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians.*  
—1 Kings 5, 6.

*Ye stand all of you before the Lord, your captains, your officers, thy stranger that is in thy camp, the hewer of thy wood, that thou shouldest enter into covenant with the Lord thy God,—Deut. 29, 11.*

DURING the late siege of the Legations in Peking a Chinese coolie, a Christian, volunteered to cut down some trees which sheltered the enemy and obstructed the view of the British and their allies. He refused to let a foreigner go with him, saying, "they would shoot at you when they see you; they will not pay so much attention to me." He went out alone, accordingly, and hewed them down in fine style. Between his strokes they could hear him interjecting little prayers, such as "Christ, give me strength"; "Lord, help me." He was killed, alas! a few days afterwards, while engaged in a similar brave enterprise.





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### Reasons for not going to Church. 5th Series—No. 10.

*This lad, who was six weeks in the Infirmary two years ago through an injury to his knee-cap got at football, and is now writhing under his fifth bad kick this season, has given up going to church because there is a hole in the matting in the passage that has nearly tripped him up twice, and though he has spoken about it repeatedly to a man who works in the same shop with one of the deacons, absolutely nothing has been done to put it right.*

---

- 1 **S** The Kings of the earth set themselves against the Lord.  
 2 **M** The Lord shall have them in derision.—*Psalms* 2.  
 3 **TU** I Nebuchadnezzar was at rest and flourishing in my palace.  
 4 **W** A watcher came down from heaven, and cried, Hew down the tree.  
 5 **TH** The same hour was the thing fulfilled. "The life of the strongest Government is not worth three months' purchase.—*Lord Palmerston*.  
 6 **F** Mine understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the Most High.  
 7 **S** None can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou?—*Dan.* 4.
- 
- 8 **S** Before I formed thee, I knew thee.—*Jer.* 1, 5.  
 9 **M** I will go before thee.  
 10 **TU** I, Which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel.  
 11 **W** I have surnamed thee, though thou hast not known Me.  
 12 **TH** I girded thee, though thou hast not known Me.—*Is.* 45, 2.  
 13 **F** O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth.—*Ps.* 71, 17.  
 14 **S** My feet were almost gone.—*Ps.* 73, 2. "What shames me most of all is to remember that, as a child, I was like the sailor in Juvenal, 'digitis a morte remotus quatuor aut septem,' removed from death by four or maybe seven fingers' breadth; the plank between me and all the sins was so very thin."—*From Mr. Gladstone's Diary in Mr. Morley's Life*.
- 
- 15 **S** *What the Pharisees said of Christ:* That Deceiver.—*Matt.* 27, 63.  
 16 **M** *What He said Himself:* I am the truth.—*John.* 14, 6.  
 17 **TU** *What the Father said:* This is My beloved Son, hear ye Him.—*Matt.* 17, 5.  
 18 **W** *What the Angels said:* He is risen, as He said.—*Matt.* 28, 6.  
 19 **TH** *What the redeemed say:* Thou art worthy, for Thou wast slain.—*Rev.* 5, 9.  
 20 **F** *What Judas said:* I betrayed innocent blood.—*Matt.* 27, 4 (*R. V.*)  
 21 **S** *What devils said:* I know Thee, the Holy One of God.—*Luke* 4, 34.  
*What you and I must say:* Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.  
 —*Mark* 9, 24.
- 
- 22 **S** Women which had followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto Him.  
 —*Matt.* 27, 55.  
 23 **M** God said, I will make him an help meet for him.—*Gen.* 2, 18.  
 24 **TU** Women professing godliness.—*1 Tim.* 2, 10.  
 25 **W** The women that were wise hearted did spin.—*Ex.* 35, 25.  
 26 **TH** Careless women (or confident ones).—*Is.* 32, 10.  
 27 **F** Silly women.—*2 Tim.* 3 6. *Jemima*, wife of Lord Cornwallis, 1738-1805, who died Governor-General of India, was so much afraid of the perils of a soldier's life that she moved King George to bring her husband home. After his return, the moment Cornwallis knew the cause, he flew to the King and asked him to send him anywhere, so as to put his courage to the severest test.  
 28 **S** The woman, whose mouth is smoother than oil; . . . her steps take hold on hell.—*Prov.* 5, 3.
- 
- 29 **S** A tree to be desired to make one wise.—*Gen.* 3, 6. Some one congratulated Disraeli when he became Premier for the first time. "Yes," he said, "I have climbed to the top of the greasy pole."  
 30 **M** But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity. My foot standeth in an even place.—*Ps.* 26, 11.



December, 1903.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVI.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

NO. 12.



**"The Handwriting that was against us."—Col. 2, 14.**

*"No. 03 copy-book nearly done, and a blot on every page!"*

"THE MORNING WATCH" for 1903, Vol. XVI., is now ready. Price, One Shilling.



*Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.*

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### ΦΙΛΟΞΕΝΙΑ.

Φιλοξενία, *Philoxenia*, is the word in Titus 1, 8, which is translated in our Bibles *hospitality*. But it means literally *love of strangers*, as *philadelphia* means *love of brethren*.

Mrs. Elwin in her "Notes of Thackeray's Conversation" says that he told her he had once lent a man £300 to get an outfit for India. The man was to pay him when he could, and in course of time did pay him. After a while he came home to England, and Thackeray went to see him and asked him to dine with him that day three weeks. It was the first vacant day that Thackeray had. Three times he asked him, but the man never would come. At last he said, "I can't come. If it had been in India, and you had come there, my house would have been open to you, and not to you only, but to all your friends to come and make it a home. And I come to England, and you ask me to dine with you—'this day three weeks.'"

The man should have remembered, of course, that one who lands in India for the first time is in a very different position from one who returns from India to England. The man who goes to

the East is helpless when he gets there; he knows neither the language nor the ways of the people; he is a stranger in a strange land in every sense of the word. Yet Thackeray's friend was right after all, for the man who comes home to this country after a long sojourn out there feels lonely too, and the worst of it is that that is not what he expected. He has been dreaming about coming home for years, and now that he is home, he finds that most of his old friends are dead, or worse, and those that are living know nothing of the great land where he has been. And such hospitality as they offer him seems hardly worthy of the name. Out there they can't do enough for a stranger; while here we do as little as we can. We hand people our card, or we tell them our address, and we say, "I'll be glad to see you any day you are passing," or, "Be sure and look in some evening," or we say, "I'm sorry my people are all from home at present, but I'll perhaps have a chance of seeing you later on." Or, worse still, we say to ourselves, "It's a great nuisance, but I suppose I'll have to ask that man to come and see me," and the stranger reads all that in our tone and tells us, to our manifest relief, that he is sorry he is engaged and cannot come.

God told the Israelites *to love the stranger* (Deut. 10, 19), and He keeps His Own Commandments. Hasn't He spent eternity devising means to bring us, who are strangers and aliens, home? Isn't it for us that He has been preparing not



only a great supper, but many mansions, many abiding places? And when our Lord dwelt among us in the flesh, you remember what He did to the two disciples who followed Him? He turned about, knowing by that wonderful craft, that power of divination, which love has, that they were after Him. "And He saith unto them, whom seek ye? They said unto Him, Rabbi, where

dwellest Thou?" as much as to say, we don't like to trouble you to-day, but we'll call some other time, if you will let us. "Where dwellest Thou? He saith unto them, *Come and see*. They came and saw where He dwelt, *and abode with Him that day*."

That was Christ's way then, and it is Christ's way still. "Come and see, and come and stay."

### What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCLES. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 124.)

What  
is thy  
name?

Judith.

JUDITH PORTEN, 1709-1747, was the mother of Edward Gibbon the historian. Her husband's father consented to the marriage both unwillingly and ungraciously, but, says Gibbon in his *Autobiography*, "such were the charms and talents of my mother, with such soft dexterity did she follow and lead the morose humour of the old tyrant, that in a few months she became his favourite." She died when her son was only ten years of age.

There are two other JUDITHS one would have liked to know something about: first, Shakespeare's younger daughter, who was born in 1685, was married in 1616 to one Thomas Quiney, and died in 1661, having survived her three sons and her sister Susanna. Secondly, JUDITH DAVENANT, mother of Thomas Fuller, 1608-1661. If a man's wit be mother-wit, she did her duty by her son.

JULIA was the commonest of all Roman female names.

It was a JULIA that was mother to Mark Antony. Plutarch calls her an exemplary matron, while Cicero says she was *femina lectissima*, the very pick of women. Yet she was happy neither in her husbands nor in her children.

A JULIA, who died in B.C. 68, was aunt to the great Cæsar. He pronounced her funeral oration, and in it traced her descent on one side up to the fourth King of Rome, and on the other up to the goddess Venus.

Cæsar had a daughter JULIA, who was married to Pompey, B.C. 59. She was alike clever, beautiful, and good, and though it was policy that prompted the marriage, and she was twenty-three years younger than her husband, the two were very happy. She died before the breach between him and her father became inevitable. Her health was shattered by a fright she got when a slave brought in her husband's robe all smeared with blood. He had quelled a riot, but she

**Julia,**  
**Daughter of Augustus.**



What  
is thy  
name?

Julia.

thought at first he had been slain. She was so much beloved that she was buried by special decree of the Senate in the Campus Martius.

Cæsar's younger sister JULIA was the mother of Atia who was mother of Augustus, the first Roman Emperor, after whom our month of August was named. When she died, B.C. 51, her grandson, then in his twelfth year, pronounced the funeral oration.

Augustus had a daughter JULIA, a very wicked woman. He was at the very height of his glory when he found out how bad she was. He banished her, and when the people petitioned repeatedly for her recall, his last answer was that he wished they would all have wives and daughters like her. He left her nothing in his will, and



What  
is thy  
name?

Julia.

forbade that she should be buried in his mausoleum. When she was 52, in A.D. 12, she married, for her third husband, Tiberius, the emperor in whose time our Lord was crucified. Tiberius shut her up in a room and refused her even the necessaries of life. She died A.D. 14. She had a good daughter Agrippina, whose daughter, also called Agrippina, one of the worst women that have ever lived, was murdered by her own son the Emperor Nero, the man who put the apostle Paul to death.

JULIA, daughter of the Emperor Caligula, while still an infant, is said to have torn with her little nails the eyes and faces of the children who played with her. On the day her father was assassinated, A.D. 41, she was killed by being dashed against a wall, and she was only two years old.

Compare with these unhappy JULIAS, who were the daughters and wives and mothers of emperors, and now none so poor to do them reverence, the JULIA, in all likelihood a slave, the saint to whom, with her husband or brother Philologus, the apostle Paul sends a loving salutation in his Epistle to the Romans.

Arthur Hallam, 1811-1834, the subject of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, had for his mother JULIA, daughter of Sir Abraham Elton, Bart., of Clevedon Court, Somersetshire. She died in 1840. In January, 1831, when he was in his twentieth year, after a time of spiritual darkness and disquietude he addressed this Sonnet to her :

When barren doubt like a late-coming snow  
Made an unkind December of my Spring,  
That all the pretty flowers did droop for woe,  
And the sweet birds their love no more would sing ;  
Then the remembrance of thy gentle faith,  
Mother beloved, would steal upon my heart ;  
Fond feeling saved me from that utter scathe,  
And from thy hope I could not live apart.  
Now that my mind hath passed from wintry gloom,  
And on the calmed waters once again  
Ascendant faith circles with silver plume,  
That casts a charmed shade, not now in pain,  
Thou child of Christ, in joy I think of thee,  
And mingle prayers for what we both may be.

"Stonewall" Jackson, 1824-1863, one of the ablest and bravest, and certainly the best beloved, of all the generals who fought in the American Civil War, was the son of a JULIA. She died when he was seven. "To the latest hour of his life," says Col. Henderson of the British Staff Corps, "he loved to recall her memory, and years after she had passed away her influence still remained. Her beauty, her counsels, their last parting, and her happy death, for she was a woman of deep religious feeling, made a profound impression on him. To his childhood's fancy she was the embodiment of every grace ; and so strong had been the sympathy between them, that even in the midst of his campaigns she was seldom absent from his thoughts."

When his own daughter was born, a month or two before his

What  
is thy  
name?

Julia.

death in 1863, he called her JULIA too, saying, "My mother was mindful of me when I was a helpless, fatherless child, and I wish to commemorate her now."

He was shot by accident in the dark by some of his own men. After lingering a few days he died, his wife and little baby being with him. Towards the end he imagined he was on the battle-field once more. His last words were—"Pass the infantry to the front. Tell Major Hawks——" Then, pausing for a little, he added, as heaven doubtless opened to his vision, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees."

### Benjie Ronaldson.

*The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more.—Prov. 4, 18.*

Two months ago I told you about a boy called Christopher Bradley, and how much mischief he wrought one forenoon, *and all without knowing it*. I wish to tell you now about another boy, Benjamin Ronaldson, and some of the good he did in the same way. And, of course, that keeps me from telling you many things he did intentionally; how, for example, he put on his little brother's clothes, and carried in old Granny Webster's coals, and went thrice to the well for some other neighbour, and filled a little trough with water for the blackbirds to bathe in.

His mother was a brave young widow whose husband had been killed by an accident. She had a hard struggle, but Benjie was a great comfort to her. This morning that I speak of, when he left the house to go two miles to school, she watched him till he waved his hand as he turned the corner, and then went into her house and fell on her knees and thanked God for giving her such a boy to fill his father's place. Before he had gone a hundred yards he had picked up, to

the great content of their mothers, other three boys and two girls who went to the same school. On their way, two wagtails flew out of the hedge to meet them as the angels did Jacob, and danced before them, as they did every morning, for three or four hundred yards, and then turned and bade them good-bye. A sight of Benjie and his convoy put them in good humour—and birds have their personal and domestic trials just like ourselves—for the rest of the day.

At the cross-roads the children, following Benjie's example, stepped off the footpath, the boys lifting their caps and the girls smiling and bowing, to a tall man whom they saw to be a stranger, who had come down from the manse on the hill where he was a guest, for what he called his morning "constitutional." Oh, how we laughed in the village the first time we heard that word used for taking a walk! The stranger, who was from London, and had come to write some articles on the shale industry, made inquiries afterwards at the minister, so struck was he with the appearance and courtesy of the children, for it wasn't somehow what he had expected. Then the minister, recog-





nising the children by the description he got of Benjie's jacket — his mother had made it "out of her own head," and a London tailor who got a sketch of it from one of our

county ladies afterwards made many like it for his noble patrons—the minister, I say, told his friend about Benjie's father, the best draughts-player in the whole countryside, and



a great reader, and how he had taught himself shorthand and German. The Londoner sent off an article that very afternoon on "A Typical Scotch Working Man," and got two guineas for it—one of which he sent with a copy of the article to Benjie's mother—with a request from the Editor to send "some more stuff like that."

When the children came to the villas outside the town, a little boy, an only son, with a velvet jacket and long hair like a girl, who was standing at the window of the first one—it was called Fernbank—said, "Oh mother, I wish you would let me go to school too." The next house was called Sandringham, though the original name Bellevue could still be read underneath in faded blue letters. The owner, who was standing at the door, inhaling, as he said, the ozone, and watching the zephyr playing with the laurel leaves, seemed startled when he noticed the children passing. "I didn't think it was so late," he said to his wife; "that boy that passes so regularly at the quarter has just gone along!" And then they noticed that the clock on the mantelpiece, which pointed at ten minutes to nine, was stopped. And he had to catch the 9.40 train for the county town, to which he had been summoned that day as a jurymen! "It's a blessing I noticed that boy," he said, "else I should have missed the train and been fined £5 for not answering to my name."

On the main street several people noticed Benjie knocking a banana

skin off the pavement, and took a lesson by it, and taught others in turn to do the same, though I don't know that they all gave him the credit of teaching them.

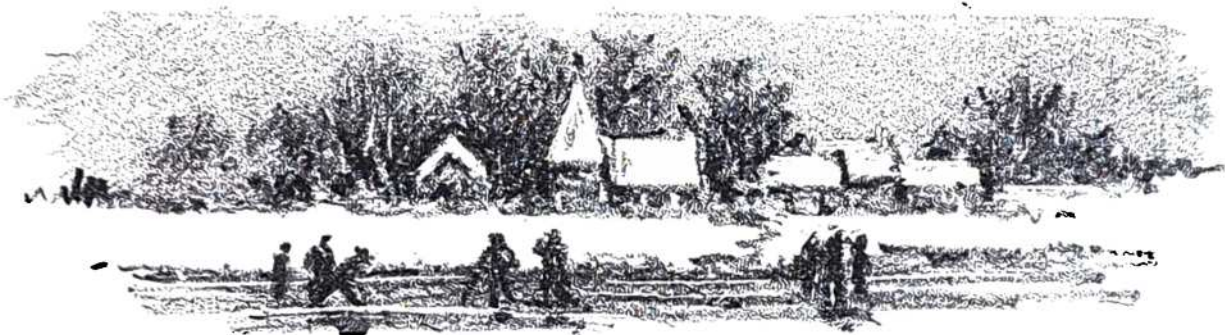
When they came to the playground, several boys gave a whoop of delight and cried, "Here's Benjie," and one of them, a pretty restless character, in his joy walked on his hands with his feet in the air half-way across the playground. It was the "record" for the school, and a chalk mark was put at the place, and renewed, with additions, every day for a week after. Sandy Inglis, that was his name—honour to whom honour is due!—sat like a gentleman all the rest of that day in school, with the flush of triumph on his face. And well he did so, for that was an important day more ways than one in that school. H.M. Inspector, an Oxford man, and a fine scholar, though he knew little about teaching, paid a surprise visit. Coming first, by chance, into Benjie's class, he made a little jest over the arithmetic lesson which had completely failed the nine times he had previously made it in other schools. Happily Benjie saw it, and laughed right out so merrily and so infectiously—it was the very way his father used to laugh—that the whole class joined in. Now the man who taught that standard had a wife who grieved him sorely, and four little ailing children besides, and many a night he had no sleep, and some of the members of the Board had made up their minds, accordingly, to reduce his salary. But when notice of motion to that effect was



given at their next meeting, their Chairman astonished them by saying that only a few days before, H.M. Inspector had paid a surprise visit, and had remarked to him at lunch, in his own house afterwards, that he had been particularly struck with the way the intelligence of that very

teacher's class had been developed !

Now, that is only a little bit of one forenoon's chronicle. Little Benjamin is still making people happy wherever he goes, and yet I am sure his own happiness, like his great namesake's, is five times so much as any of theirs.



### "A Certain Orator."

*Notwithstanding, that I be not further tedious unto thee.—Acts 24, 1-8.*

THE way Luke treats the orator Tertullus always reminds me somehow of the description Carlyle gives of two men in his notes on his wife's letters. One of them was a Dr. Ritchie, a professor in Edinburgh University, "a worthy, earnest, but somewhat too pompous and consciously eloquent old gentleman. He spoke in a sonorous rumbling voice, with much proud, almost minatory wagging of his head, and to a rhythm of his own, which loved to end always with an emphatic syllable, with victorious grave accent, and a kind of *wh* super-added. For example: 'Gibbon,' he said, 'grown rich and famous, etc., had confessed that the end of life to him was a dark brown shade—*wh.*'"

The other man was "a Precentor who lost his tune, tried several others, and then died away into an *unintelligible whinner.*"

No two endings could well be more unlike, apparently, the one the voice of him that shouts for mastery, the other the voice of him that cries for being overcome. Yet the speech of Tertullus illustrates them both.

Ananias—the last high priest mentioned in the Bible—and the elders were doubtless very proud, as litigants often are, of the grand advocate they had retained, proud even of the big fee they had to pay him. But a thing that was worth doing was worth doing well, and they would regale themselves on the way with stories of his past triumphs. The local bar, too, the lawyers that lived at Cæsarea, would watch with critical interest the orator who had been imported all the way from Jerusalem, fifty

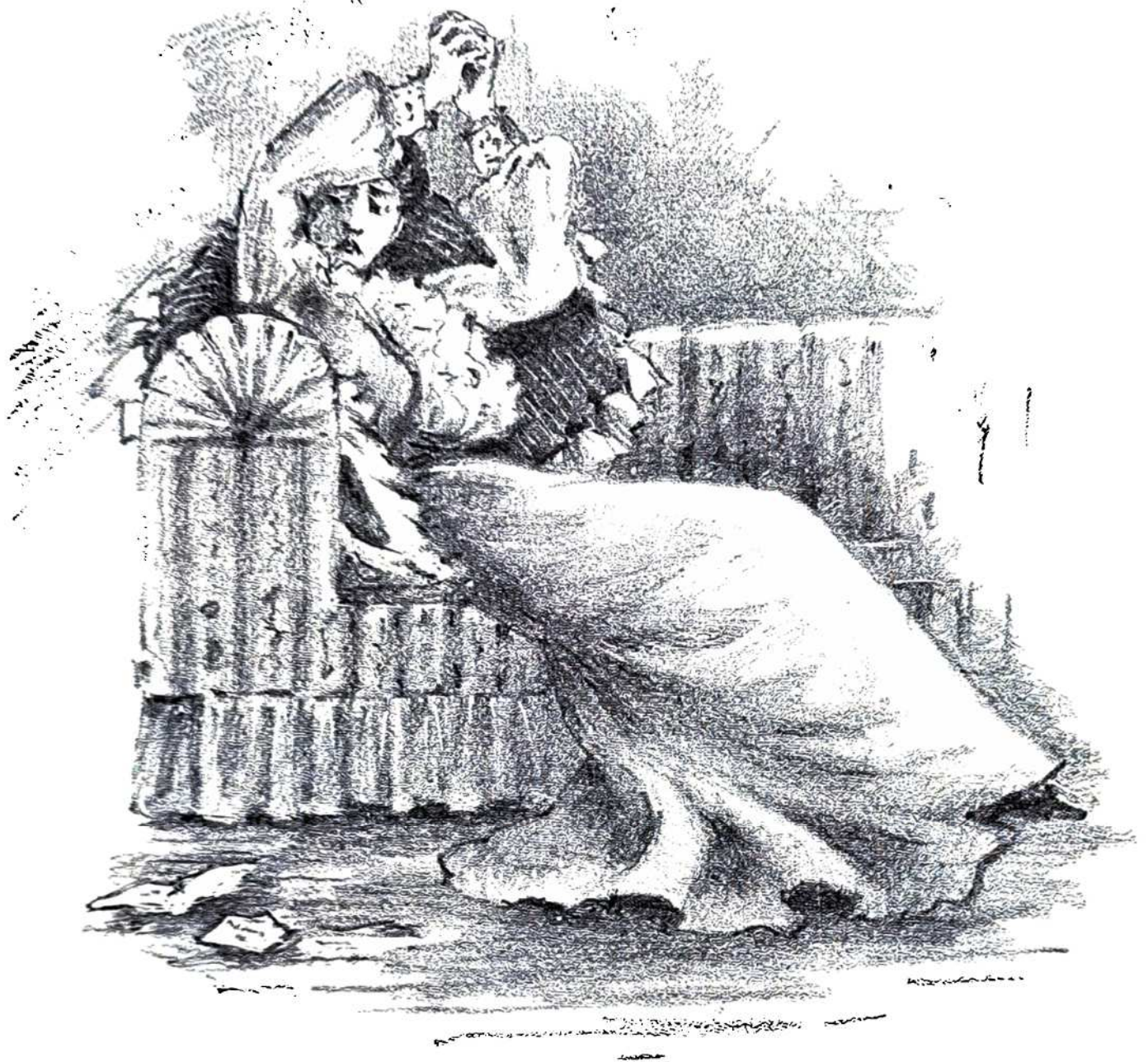
miles or so, to give them a lesson in the art of pleading. Then, when the great man rose up to speak, the reporters, who had been sharpening their pencils and preparing for a two-column speech, set to and took down the whole of the first sentence. It begins in very grand style with a victorious *wh*, but somehow presently dies away into a whinner—"that I be not further tedious unto thee."

Some time ago I heard one of our best known junior advocates address a jury in Edinburgh. He began, as usual, by complimenting them on their patience during what he feared must have seemed to them a somewhat tedious if not unduly protracted trial, but such had been their attention that, if the verdict he asked for should by any chance not be given, the result would be attributable not to their lack of comprehension but wholly and solely to his failure in the presentation of the question at issue. All this was said with the customary smile—"the forced face of dismal cheer." And just at this point I heard a young lady who sat behind me say to the friend who was showing her through the Courts—"Do you know, I seem to have heard something very like this before?"

So, no doubt, Felix, who perhaps had an engagement like some of our Scotch judges on the Cæsarea links, and was not going to sit there in a broiling court one minute past eleven o'clock, knowing that what Tertullus said was simply flattery overdone, gave him to understand by a yawn that he had better

proceed to deal with the merits of the case. After three more sentences the orator has resumed his seat, and the members of the local bar would be saying, "We could have done as well ourselves, and for a tenth of the money!" And next day when Tertullus' wife took up the morning newspaper, *The Cæsarean News*, or, *The People's Friend and Cæsar's*—if they had a newspaper in that town—she would say to her husband, "They have only given you one short paragraph, and there's a whole page about the prisoner, and his speech is in full. I must speak to the Editor about it. I can't understand it." "No more can I," Tertullus would answer, "for he generally puts in his miserable little sheet only what he thinks will please the people, and I'm sure there's nobody in the least interested in that man—what-d'ye call him?—ay, Paul. But all the same, my dear, don't meddle with the Editor, else the next time I have a big case in hand, he won't even give me a paragraph. Or, better still, if you wish to do me a good turn, write to him and tell him that you think his leading article on *Paul of Tarsus, alias Saul, the soi-disant Roman Citizen*, the wittiest thing you ever read, and as full of ripe scholarship as it is of genuine humour, with a true patriotic ring all through it, and a thoroughly statesmanlike grasp of the most difficult and most perplexing of modern problems. And say that Ananias thought so too, and send him a haunch of that roedeer we got from Carmel a day and a night ago, *with Tertullus' Compliments*."





### Reasons for not going to Church. 5th Series—No. 11.

*This young woman succeeded lately in persuading her parents to leave the church they were brought up in because none of the gentry came to it. Yesterday was the sixth day they have gone to the one that is attended by the chief landed proprietor of the neighbourhood, and she has heard to-day that he and his family are going to live abroad—in the south of France—and that the castle and shootings have been let for seven years to a wealthy Liverpool Presbyterian family with five sons, and they have taken three pews in the church she left, in the little gallery, just alongside where she used to sit. "Oh dear! oh dear! but it's maddening!"*

- 1 TU Ye are not as yet come to the rest which the Lord giveth you.—*Deut. 12, 9.*  
 2 W There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed.—*Josh. 13, 1.*  
 3 TH Let us go up at once and possess it.—*Num. 13, 30.*  
 4 F For we are well able to overcome it. "April 14, 1865. North, *North*, farther and farther NORTH, I long to get. I never will be satisfied in travelling in the Arctic regions until I shall reach that spot of this great and glorious orb of God's creation, where there is no North, no East, no West.—*Diary of Captain C. F. Hall, afterwards Commander of the U.S.A. Polaris Expedition.*  
 5 S Let us fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into God's rest, any of you should seem to come short of it.—*Heb. 4, 1.*
- 
- 6 S And the eyes of them both were opened.—*Gen. 3, 7.* "Life is spent in learning the meaning of great words, so that some idle proverb, known for years and accepted perhaps as a truism, comes home, on a day, like a blow."—"Style" by Professor Raleigh.  
 7 M And Abraham stood up from before *his dead* (vv. 4, 8, 13, *my dead*).  
 8 TU And spake, saying, I am a stranger.—*Gen. 23, 3.*  
 9 W And David said unto Nathan, I have sinned.—*2 Sam. 12, 13.*  
 10 TH Thou wast young :  
 11 F But when thou shalt be old.—*John 21, 18.*  
 12 S And, lo, I must die.—*1 Sam. 14, 43.*
- 
- 13 S Sing unto the Lord, ye that go down to the sea.—*Is. 42, 10.*  
 14 M This great and wide sea.—*Ps. 104, 25.* "When we came near the sea, my companions looked upon the boundless ocean with awe. Describing their feelings afterwards, they said, 'We marched along, believing that what the ancients had told us was true, that the world has no end ; but all at once the world said to us, I am finished ; there is no more of me.'"  
 —*Dr. Livingstone's Travels.*  
 15 TU Worship Him that made the sea, and the fountains of waters.—*Rev. 14, 7.*  
 16 W Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?—*Is. 40, 12.*  
 17 TH He rebuketh the sea.—*Nahum 1, 4.*  
 18 F The waters saw Thee, O God, the waters saw Thee.—*Ps. 77, 16.*  
 19 S Jesus said, Launch out into the deep.—*Luke 5, 4, Acts 27, 40.*
- 
- 20 S Satan cometh immediately, and taketh away the word.—*Mark 4, 15.*  
 21 M Satan hath desired to have you.—*Luke 22, 31.*  
 22 TU The devil knoweth that he hath but a short time.—*Rev. 12, 12.*  
 23 W Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit.—*Mark 5, 8.* "The devil is most busy in the last day of his term, and a tenant to be ousted cares not what mischief he does."—*Thomas Fuller.*  
 24 TH The devil came out of him, having done him no hurt.—*Luke 4, 35 (R. V.)*  
 25 F The devil leaveth Him, and, behold, angels came.—*Matt 4, 11.*  
 26 S We are more than conquerors, through Him That loved us.—*Rom. 8, 37.*
- 
- 27 S The seventy returned with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us in Thy name.—*Luke 10, 17-20 (R. V.)*  
 28 M And He said, I beheld Satan fallen as lightning from heaven.  
 29 TU I have given you authority ; nothing shall in any wise hurt you.  
 30 W Howbeit in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you ;  
 31 TH But rejoice that YOUR NAMES ARE WRITTEN IN HEAVEN.